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ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

It was the illustrious KEPLER, if we recollect rightly, who, half piqued at finding that one of his attempts to explain the motions of some planet had been labor lost, compared Dame Nature to the coquette Galatea, in one of Virgil's Eclogues. The nearer she is approached, the more wayward, capricious, and provoking, are her escapades :

'Fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri.'

If this be true of astronomical science, it is a truth a thousand times more frequently enforced upon the votary of that class of physical sciences, of which electricity and galvanism form so prominent and interesting a field, both for study and discovery. The very subject-matter of his researches is more like the idea of a 'spiritual essence' than actual *bonâ fidè* material entity. It is a kind of invisible *tertium quid*, which baffles all human tests of materiality. Grant, as some philosophers will have it, that it is merely 'a *property* of matter,' and that it has none of the ordinary characteristics of material substances — yet the difficulty is but increased. If we find it so impossible to believe that matter could travel through matter, with the mysterious velocity with which electricity is impelled; if we cannot conceive of matter which is so subtle as to elude all our senses to penetrate the most solid substances, and to be known only by its effects when in motion, how can we conceive of a mere 'property of matter' of which matter may be deprived in one part, while it is accumulated in another? Of which, in fact, matter, organic or inorganic, is equally unconscious, until a change in its distribution is effected, that develops its latent energy? To call it a mere property of matter, then, like extension, does not seem either very correct in expression, or philosophical in principle.

And, on the other hand, to consider it as matter, as a distinct material substance, is so violent a blow at our almost innate ideas of all matter, that one is half tempted to reject the arguments of the philosophers, numerous as they are, which appear to establish its substantiality beyond a question, and to resort to the convenient nomenclature of the old school men, who would probably have christened it 'the *soul* of matter' — '*anima mundi*' — or some such fanciful name. In fact, so much more subtle than light itself is this mysterious *ens* — so much more diffusive than the invisible winds of heaven — so much more obscure in its nature, and wonderful in its effects, than any other known chemical agent — that we are in favor of every gentleman and lady's forming their own hypothesis, with respect to its

materiality or immateriality. And vile as the pun may seem — and in fact is — it is no *matter* whatever, in a scientific point of view, whether it be matter or not. Like the two rival theories of the nature of light, either serves to classify the phenomena; and sometimes they are best explained on one and sometimes the other supposition. Perhaps the idea that it is neither the one nor the other, but the grand connecting link between the material and the immaterial world, would be as convenient a hypothesis as either. Indeed, we beg leave to suggest to some ‘ingenious young gentleman,’ whether it would not be worth his while to maintain that theory, upon a fitting occasion, before a suitable audience, with a view to impress upon them with due force, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of undevout astronomers and our other modern Sadducees. Although philosophers of all ages and nations have, for the most part, held that electricity was strictly material, we are at a loss to find any stronger arguments in favor of that doctrine, than are to be found in favor of the materiality of light. And Sir John Herschel and Sir David Brewster, ‘who ought to know,’ both hold that light has no such distinct material existence, but that it is the result of certain vibrations or undulations of a subtile ethereal medium, universally present in nature, just as pulsations of air produce the sensation of sound upon the acoustic nerve. But startling as this may appear, we do nevertheless *en revanche* propound it, to those and all other disciples of the undulatory theory, who maintain the immateriality of light upon this foundation. — How and where has it been proved, that sound itself may not be a *material emanation*, from the mere impact of particles of matter, as much as galvanism or electricity from their more energetic excitement? One would have thought, that the prismatic decomposition of light alone was sufficient to establish the Newtonian theory of light, as a material emanation from luminous bodies. For how a vibration or undulation of an ethereal medium could be thus decomposed into distinct rays, possessing different and in some respects totally opposite properties, it is not very easy to conceive. Though we admit that it is difficult for us to comprehend how matter can be divided into such inconceivably subtile particles, as the Newtonian theory of light supposes, yet we find it a much harder task to acknowledge that a mere undulation of a homogeneous, ethereal medium can produce such surprising chemical results as solar light is well known to be capable of affording.

Now, the nature of light is still enveloped in such profound obscurity — its subtile particles, if it be really material, do so elude all our feeble efforts to condense them — that it would be but an idle indulgence of the fancy to predict what the progress of scientific investigation may yet effect in that department of philosophy. Yet we will, for once, venture the prophecy, that if any great advance is made, by inductive research, toward a more perfect knowledge of the nature and material constitution of light, it will be by a diligent and accurate examination of its magnetic properties. The question is not yet solved, whether light really possesses magnetizing powers or not. Morichini, who first asserted it from actual experiment, was more fortunate in his process than subsequent observers, or he was mistaken in his results. If it should be hereafter satisfactorily es-

tablished, that solar light possesses this property, it may lead to the most important inductions in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. The whole science of chemistry may undergo a shock as revolutionary as that which it received when the gases were discovered. It might conduct us to the conclusion, that electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, are not only identical with each other, as is now generally admitted, but also with latent heat; and that, though subject to great and essential modifications, they all have their common origin in that decomposition of light which is effected by absorption. There are so many observed phenomena which point to the diurnal changes in the solar light as the cause of the diurnal variations of the magnetic needle, that we have long since considered that as a solved problem. If, therefore, future experiments should fail in proving the absolute magnetizing power of the solar rays, it would not necessarily follow that the decomposed rays of light — that is, decomposed by *absorption*, and converted into electrical currents — did not possess that power in a very high degree. For that electrical or magnetic currents are produced by the action of the sun's rays upon the earth, has been so well proved, that it must now be taken as a postulate in the science.

No truth should be more frequently enforced upon the devotee of physical science, than this: that the grand chemistry of nature is performed with a sublime harmony and tranquillity, which scarcely make the results perceptible to our senses, save from the lapse of time. There are no violent agents, and réagents in her laboratories; no torture of analysis; no compound blow-pipes, or galvanic batteries; no open war of acids and alkalies, to carry on her mysterious and eternal series of production and re-production. All is inspired with the vital principle of vegetable production; and animal life seems to be but a natural consequence. The germs of vegetation must be cœval with the particles of matter: the vivifying rays of light can alone bring them into action, and mature them. What wonder, then, if we shall find hereafter, that the same noiseless but irresistible operation of solar light is the basis of all electrical excitement? How are we to account for the energetic action of the dry galvanic columns of De Luc and Zamboni, except from the excitement of a latent absorbed fluid, brought into action only by the attraction of opposite *absorptions*? The chemical action of the materials of the dry column is quite out of the question, whatever it may be in the galvanic battery of metallic plates and diluted acid. Upon the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to suspect, that light is alike the source of all vegetable life, and electrical excitement, through the whole solar system.

That the universal presence of this mysterious power was the basis of Newton's almost divine philosophical system — that he considered its existence demonstrated — is apparent, from more than one passage in his '*Principia*.' He appears to have entertained the belief, that future observations would make us more fully acquainted with its nature and properties; but for a century after, little or no progress was made in the vigorous investigation of the phenomena which he had suggested, and yet the elements of the science were familiar to thousands of philosophers. The electricity of amber — the Greek name of which (*ελεκτρον*) still gives the science its appel-

lation — was known to the Greeks, and probably, from the earliest times. But it was not until the identity of lightning and electricity was established, that the science began to assume its proper rank and attraction. Incessant experiments have now raised it to such importance, that, considered as embracing galvanism, electro-magnetism, and last, not least, *electro-dynamics*, it has become the task of the best talent and the longest life to master it, in all its details.

The department of *electro-dynamics* — which is merely conversant with the force of electricity in motion — is daily and hourly extending its limits, and developing powers which are as astonishing in their mechanical effects, as they are mysterious and wonderful in their origin. The most successful cultivator of this branch of it, and one to whom science in general is deeply indebted, is Ampère, one of that illustrious band of French savants, who deserve to have statues erected to them in the temples of science, throughout the civilized world. Biôt and Arago, names revered wherever the light of science has penetrated, also engaged with ardor in the research. In England, Davy and Faraday, soon after, with equal zeal, entered upon the same career. The latter still lives to pursue the enlightened course of investigation by which he has already achieved so many honorable distinctions. Long may he live to reap the same enviable rewards of fame, which have thus far crowned his labors.

But splendid as have been the contributions of these illustrious individuals, to the mere science of electro-dynamics, in illustrating its principles, we think we may venture to claim for our ingenious countryman, Mr. DAVENPORT, the palm for a successful combination of mechanical ingenuity with the scientific principles of electro-magnetic action. It would seem as if he had been guided in his researches by a sort of Yankee intuition, which enables a certain portion of that inventive race to run through a whole science by a series of shrewd ‘guesses.’ The history of his labors is too characteristic to be omitted. He first saw a galvanic magnet, it appears, about three years ago! — and from the wonderful effects produced by suspending a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds from a small galvanic magnet, he immediately inferred, without any knowledge of the theory or the experiments of others, that he could propel machinery by galvanic magnetism! He purchased the magnet, and produced his first rotary motion in July, 1834, only six months after. In point of date, this appears to be the first successful application of galvanism to the generation of motion, that promised to be of practicable application, upon a large and perhaps even an indefinite scale of power — limited only by the usual boundaries of size and expense. To attempt a description of it, professing to elucidate its construction, would, we fear, be more apt to mislead than to convey any clear idea of its parts, or its peculiar operation. Suffice it to say, that, by arranging a certain number of fixed electro-magnets in a permanent circle, and an equal number in a revolving wheel, the application of the electric current of a galvanic battery produces — by means of a most surprising mechanical contrivance, in instantly reversing the poles, as the moveable magnetic circle revolves — a rotary motion, of the most astonishing velocity and power, considering the feeble agents employed.

But the eager inquiry is : ' Will it increase — Can it be augmented in proportion to the enhanced size of the members of the machine ? Will it yet supersede, by its superior cheapness, compactness, safety, and other advantages, the mighty agency of steam, in the various economical uses to which that is applied, for manufacturing and locomotive purposes ? We can hazard no other answer to these questions, than that the probability is in favor of that sublime result, sooner or later. But as Nature often eludes our most unwearied and enlightened researches, it would be rash to predict that the application of the principle of Messrs. Davenport and Cooke's machine, may not meet with unforeseen difficulties, and even apparently formidable obstacles, that may for a time retard its operation upon a large scale. There are in every branch of physical science, so imperfectly explored as that of electro-dynamics, a thousand apparently contradictory experiments to be reconciled ; a thousand hastily adopted results to be corrected ; an infinite number of accompanying conditions to be weighed and tested, before we can pronounce *à priori* upon the successful application of a mere principle to any practical use of importance. If we were to reason only from what our ingenious and persevering countrymen have done in three years, under all their disadvantages, to what they are capable of doing, with the benefit of an enlightened experience, and all necessary appliances and means to boot, we should certainly anticipate nothing less than a triumph of genius and skill, of which it would beggar all human prescience to foretell the consequences. But we rather choose to repress our own enthusiasm, than to indulge, as yet, in visions of the future. Whatever may be the fate of the application of the principle of the machine in question to mechanical purposes, its admirable ingenuity — its felicitous and striking illustration of the power of electro-galvanic magnetism — will still entitle the invention to the highest praise. The public, we hope and trust, will not rest satisfied, until they have an opportunity at once to gratify a laudable curiosity, and to contribute their mite to the cause of science, at a public and we hope not unproductive exhibition. The ingenuity of the inventors would easily put into motion a variety of useful machinery, which would exemplify the advantages and the wonderful effects of the invisible power which they have enchained and imprisoned as a mechanical drudge to do fealty and service to the human race. A more novel and instructive spectacle could hardly be conceived, than such a practical application of it might be made to exhibit. We are glad to hear that individuals, whose enlightened views and intelligence are sustained by wealth and public spirit, have taken shares in this interesting enterprise, with a liberality and munificence which entitle them to rank among the benefactors to science. In the view of these manifestations of scientific ardor, of enlightened zeal, and mechanical ingenuity, we hope for the most favorable results for their efforts, if success may be commanded in this age and generation. No wonder that Professor SILLIMAN, in the contemplation of what has been already accomplished in the science of electro-dynamics, should break forth in the eloquent strain which concludes his article in the last number of his valuable Journal, upon the subject of this same machine.

'Science,' says the learned and eloquent professor, 'has thus, most unexpectedly, placed in our hands a new power, of great but unknown energy. It does not evoke the winds from their caverns; nor give wings to water by the urgency of heat; nor drive to exhaustion the muscular power of animals; nor operate by complicated mechanism; nor accumulate hydraulic force by damming the vexed torrents; nor summon any other form of gravitating force; but, by the simplest means — the mere contact of metallic surfaces of small extent, with feeble chemical agents — a power every where diffused through nature, but generally concealed from our senses, is mysteriously evolved, and by circulation in insulated wires, it is still more mysteriously augmented, a thousand and a thousand fold, until it breaks forth with incredible energy; there is no appreciable interval between its first evolution and its full maturity — and the infant starts up a giant.

'Nothing since the discovery of gravitation, and of the structure of the celestial systems, is so wonderful as the power evolved by galvanism; whether we contemplate it in the muscular convulsions of animals, the chemical decompositions, the solar brightness of the galvanic light, the dissipating consuming heat, and, more than all, in the magnetic energy, which leaves far behind all previous artificial accumulations of this power, and reveals, as there is full reason to believe, the grand secret of terrestrial magnetism itself.'

THE DELUGE.

'Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When Death's approach is seen so terrible!'

SHAKESPEARE.

The judgment was at hand. Before the sun
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which, blackening, spread,
Until their blended masses overwhelmed
The hemisphere of day: and, adding gloom
To night's dark empire, swift from zone to zone
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,
And covering the encircling firmament
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.
Anon the o'ercharged garnerers of the storm
Burst with their growing burden; fierce and fast
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,
That slanted not before the baffled winds,
But, with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,
And roaring fled their channels; and calm lakes
Awoke exulting from their lethargy,
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.

The lightning flickered in the deluged air,
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom
A little brightened, when the lurid morn
Rose on the starless midnight, 't was to show
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily
The shivering multitudes of human doomed
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were blent, and the leviathan
 Was borne aloft on the ascending seas
 To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now
 Were the sole land-marks, and their sides were clothed
 With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste
 Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,
 Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of Death
 Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew
 The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves
 Narrowed their little world.

And in that hour,
 Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life
 Was the sole instinct; and the strong-limbed son,
 With imprecations, smote the palsied sire
 That clung to him for succor. Woman trod
 With wavering steps the precipice's brow,
 And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge
 O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness
 Sat like an incubus on every heart,
 Smothering the voice of Love. The giant's foot
 Was on the stripling's neck; and oft Despair
 Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood
 Polluted the last remnant of that earth
 Which God was deluging to purify.
 Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons
 The mildew of succeeding centuries
 Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength
 Crushed through the solid crowds: and fiercest birds,
 Beat downward by the ever-rushing rain,
 With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings,
 Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains
 That mapped out nations, sank; until at length
 One Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,
 Beacons a sunken world. And of the tribes
 That blackened every alp, one man survived:
 And he stood shivering, hopeless, shelterless,
 Upon that fragment of the universe!
 The surges of the universal sea
 Broke on his naked feet. On his gray head,
 Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud
 Poured its un pitying torrents: while around,
 In the green twilight dimly visible,
 Rolled the grim legions of the ghastly drowned,
 And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms
 Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow,
 And, maddened, would have leapt to their embrace,
 When lo! before him, riding on the deep,
 Loomed a vast fabric, and familiar sounds
 Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more
 Cheered the wan outcast, and imploringly
 He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,
 And cried aloud for mercy. But *his* prayer
Man might not answer, whom his *God* condemned.
 The ark swept onward, and the billows rose
 And buried their last victim!

Then the gloom
 Broke from the face of Heaven, and sunlight streamed
 Upon the shoreless sea, and on the roof
 That rose for shelter o'er the living germ
 Whose increase should re-populate a world.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CRUISE.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AND SHORE,' 'ATHENS AND CONSTANTINOPLE,' ETC.

We had said, or sung, our farewell to Genoa, and were now on board ship, moving in company with the Broad Pennant toward Leghorn; but it was such a movement as a criminal, infected with a love of life, would desire on his way to execution. There was a dead calm, and so still lay the waters around us, that a dog jumped overboard into the shadow of our ship. Not a breath came sufficient to crisp the sea, and a tortoise, travelling on shore in the same direction, went out of sight, though he appeared to be a paralytic in two of his legs, and to have lost one of the others by some unaccountable misfortune. Perhaps in some *borough* election, he had gone the whole *quadruped*; and thinking a vote defeated as good as one gained, had scuffled himself out of a limb instead of an *eye*, as is usually the case. Be that as it may, he got *ahead*; it may be, owing to the fact that our ship did not move at all; but certainly I never saw a tortoise travel so fast as that one. The three most miserable, helpless things in the world, are a ship in a calm, a whale thoroughly stranded, and a politician in bad odor. The deuce himself would have nothing to do with either, unless it were the last: he seldom utterly forsakes a political game-cock:

‘But keeps him at the battle or the drill,
To work his master further mischief still.’

But what has canvassing and cock-fighting to do with our getting to Leghorn? Just as much, reader, as the winds and waves; for they are both so breathless and still, that our ship headed indifferently, first for the port to which we were bound, then for that which we had left. ‘Zounds!’ said Jack, rubbing his eyes, and looking again at the compass, ‘the stem of this ship has got into her stern, or we are going back to Genoa.’

‘Going!’ interrupted a boatswain’s-mate, dryly; ‘the rocks on that shore move as much as this ship: we have not logged a fathom these sixteen watches; and what matter which way she heads, since we do n’t stir? The paddy that got on wrong side afore, was right till his horse got under way; when the toad jumps, it will be time to say whether it be back’ard or for’ard.’

Here the dialogue was interrupted; but the allusion to the toad, so singular from the lips of a sailor, reminded me of an old friend with whom I became acquainted during my connexion with the Theological Seminary at Andover, and who was perhaps the most remarkable *frog* of this age. He had, it is true, none of those glaring and striking qualities, which blind one with their very brilliancy: he was rather distinguished for sedateness, and dignity of demeanor, and that graceful amenity of deportment, which intimated his high extraction. He lived *among* his brethren, but *above* them. There was no pride in his look, and yet he admitted none into terms of perfect familiarity. He did not appear to be rebukingly averse to such irregularities and improprieties in others, but his voice was never heard disturbing the stillness of the night, or the sweet slumber of

the morning. Like a true gentleman, he made his appearance about mid-day, under the protection of a juniper which shades the verge of the parapet on which the institution stands. Here he was wont to sit, with a wide and variegated landscape spread out before him, and with the half-abstracted air of one pleased with outward objects, but meditating with much deeper interest on the profound mysteries of his own nature. He seemed ever to be filled with incommunicable thought. His features, though strongly marked, and indicating an intellect of a high order, never but on *one* occasion, that I recollect, betrayed those swelling emotions, which, I know, must frequently have surged over his spirit. A small bird, with short bill and speckled wings, had alighted upon the juniper, and soon turning from all the attractions of the tree, began as devotedly to regard the beautiful green and azure dress of the being that sat composedly beneath, as if she had forgotten, in some erring fondness of fancy, those amphibious qualities so incompatible with her own habitudes and tastes. She looked, she fluttered her little wings, she jumped down from spray to spray, each one still lower, till she reached the very lowest, and then she breathed the sweetest note I ever heard from bill of bird or lip of beauty. But ere the sound died away, he whom she had thus strangely chosen, and secretly won, looked up, and the soul-yielding tenderness of *that* look may be imagined, but never described! The look of my Uncle Toby into the eye of Widow Wadman, for the speck which was not in the white, might have had as much benevolence in it, but could not have had one half the fondness. From that day to this, I never saw that frog again; but I was told, that one very much like him was seen next morning, at day-break, making music, and that a beautiful bird was singing in concert at his side; and that, a few evenings after this — a thing that grieves me to relate — an owl was seen perched on a very low stump, who appeared, in the gravity of a justice of the peace, to be pronouncing between the parties an irreparable divorce. Probably this connexion, like most of those which result from beauty, music, and sudden affection, had proved unhappy. Whose fault it was, in this particular instance, I pretend not to say; but my daughter, I would say to you — if I had one — an attachment, to be lasting, must be based upon qualities not only congenial, but equally indestructible with itself. There are properties in the heart, which familiarity cannot chill, nor time impair.

But I forget the ship and her destination.

After nine days, by the aid of a few vagrant zephyrs, and a slight current that set in our favor, we let go our anchor at Leghorn — a place the more welcome to me, as it held a couple whom I had contributed to make happy, while at Marseilles: one was a youthful Hibernian, of character, wealth, and enterprise; the other a young Tuscan lady, as sweet and romantic a being as ever sported on the green banks of the Arno. They were devotedly attached to each other; but as he was a Protestant and she a Catholic, they could not be united here, without a virtual renunciation, on his part, of the distinguishing features of his creed; and so they had come to France, in the hope that the less rigid forms of the church there would permit their marriage; but the ecclesiastical authorities did not feel

themselves at liberty to gratify their wishes. This was the more trying, as the wife of the Scotch merchant, under whose protection the young lady had come to Marseilles, was bound to her native hills, and the timid Tuscan could not discreetly return to Leghorn without her. This was their perplexing predicament, when I incidentally fell in with them. Discovering the character of my profession, probably from the *gravity* of my manner — for, reader, I am a more grave man than some passages of this paper might lead you to suppose — they consulted me on my willingness to perform the ceremony, and the extent of my privilege on this subject. I told them that the rite, as performed by me, would be sacred and sound, morally, the world over — civilly, in all protestant countries. This was enough. Their countenances lightened up; they rose as by one impulse, took each other by the hand — their hearts had been united long before — were wed, and were happy.

This was one of those bright spots which will occasionally occur in a man's life; and though I felt sufficiently compensated in having contributed, in this form, to their happiness, yet several gold pieces, massive and bright, soon came to acknowledge me as their owner. But *these* did not much avail me; for the ladies then declaring it highly improper that a gentleman, not married himself, should be benefitted by marrying others, formed a conspiracy against these little fellows of the yellow jacket, and the result was, they were all dissolved in ice-creams and other delicious confectionaries. I have ever found that it is better in such cases to yield at once; for I had rather contend against twenty robbers, armed with pistols and knives, than one lady, in the dexterous use of her innocent gifts of beauty, wit, and smiles. We *must* yield — it is a law of nature — and yield not only a few sequins, but that cherished *independence* as dear to many as life itself. Dazzled, bewildered, and fascinated, we cast it down, in one mass, and seem to riot in the sacrifice we have made. If love be not a sweet insanity, I am mistaken!

I said we had reached Leghorn; and my first inquiry was for the residence of this recently united couple; for the first moon had not yet waned on their wedded life. I found them in a quiet vine-clad villa, crowning an eminence that swells up among the green hills which overlook the town. He was sitting in the saloon, with a volume of Burns in his hand; she was at the harp, giving the overflowings of her happy heart to its warbling wires. They received me as if I had been the embodied spirit of their enjoyment. I had but a few moments to stay: I could have lingered there a long time; for, like every thing else I ever yet saw, in human shape, I love to be complimented and caressed; but I was obliged to leave them. They accompanied me down through the embowered walk of the garden to its gate; and on parting, he ascribed the happiness of his condition to my friendly offices; and she, pointing to the green leaves, told me that these might wither, but that there was a grateful remembrance of my kindness in her heart, that would never fade. I assured her the obligations were on my part — that I was happy in seeing her so; and though I had not exacted that bridal kiss, yet — and here she liquidated the claim, before the sentence that might have involved it could be uttered. Reader, forgive that indiscre-

tion; it was not my fault, for what I said was wholly without an intended meaning; neither was it hers — for it was the overflowing of irrepressible gratitude. I broke from them, and wending my solitary way back to town, felt, for once at least, very much dissatisfied with a single life.

The next morning we started for Pisa; but shall I pass over the night that intervened? It was not a night of soft dreams, and delicious visions; it was more like the last hours of one expiring on the rack. I had supped upon lobster, and it lay upon the functions that should have overmastered it, like an indissoluble rock. I had every reason, from previous experience, to apprehend such a result; but such a silly compound is human nature, I must try again the tempting bait; and dearly did I pay back in penitence the price of my weakness. I never could persuade myself that this animal was originally intended to be eaten; I rather inclined to the belief, and am now fully confirmed in it, that he was intended as a visible personation of the Evil One. But I must confess, to tell the truth, that I owe this deformity of the deep an old grudge; for my nurse, when I was yet a child, ran at me, with one of them twisting and sprawling in her hand. I was so terrified, that, for a year, there was no perceptible growth, in body, bone, or limb; and this is the reason why I have never reached the stature to which my lineage entitled me. The reader may perhaps think this a small matter, but I can assure him I do not; for there is in man an innate reverence for height. Never shall I forget the admiring wonder with which I listened, as my nurse would tell me of the giant who stepped over mountains and seas as if they had been mere ant-hills and puddles, and who shook the pea-vines and plumb-trees that grew in the moon! Dear woman! I forgive her the wrong she did me in the fright, for the marvellous creations that laughed and wept, whispered and thundered, through her stories. If there is about me the least touch of romance, the least love of the wonderful, I owe it all to her. She filled my infant dreams with beings of another order — with a love and madness that are not ours; with exultations and agonies, that belong not to man; with the sigh of winds, and the shout of torrents, that move not on this earth. But I forget the lobster. If I ever again, on going to rest, eat another, may I awake in his likeness!

The next day, taking a light, compact carriage, drawn by two Tuscan horses, of vigorous limb and free spirits, we crossed the wide plain which borders, in rampant fertility, the banks of the Arno, and arrived at Pisa. Our first and most eager visit was paid to the cathedral, and its contiguous monuments. For we were like an ambitious man looking out for a wife, who glances about at once for the queen of the circle; and, after all, this may not be so injudicious a method as might at first appear; for if the arrow fails of reaching the bird on the topmost twig of the tree, it may strike one beneath; and it is not always the highest bird that has the sweetest voice, and the richest plumage. The wild goose always flies high; the hawk and crow rest on lofty and barren limbs, except when engaged in rapine and plunder; they then, like human nature committing vice, descend: but they have the advantage over us; they can re-mount;

but man once in the slough, is ever apt to find there his home and his grave.

It is strange that a look for the cathedral should have brought me into this moral mire; for nothing can be more unlike it, as it is not only invested with the inspiring sentiments of its design, but a deep charm, caught from the silent lapse of six centuries. Its dimensions grand and colossal; its architecture verging upon the massive force of the Gothic; its material too firm and enduring to be corroded by time; its lofty doors of solid bronze, wrought into a maze of expressive relief; its long, sweeping aisles, separated only by stately columns of oriental granite and marble; its pavement, laid in rich mosaic, and the rosy light streaming through the stained windows, and bathing every object in hues of softest vermilion — all impress the stranger with the costly magnificence of this sacred pile. Yet, with all these excellencies, the cathedral has defects, and violations of taste, which cannot escape the most untutored eye. The peristyle of the central nave, instead of being the support of incongruous arches, should pillar at once a deep dome, consonant with its majesty; and the shafts of the side isles, instead of wandering off into the form of a cross, should have preserved their rectilineal position, and maintained, as far as compatible with the strange mixture of their orders, the unity and harmony of the main design. The marble pulpit, instead of reposing on the shoulders of a statue, bending in agony under its pressing weight, should rest upon something more substantial, more calm, more in keeping with the place, and the serene truths it unfolds: and the satyrs, which figure on the tombs of the great, look as if they were holding a revelry over death. One would hardly wish to awake, even at the last day, under the sneering laughter of such beings.

The baptistry, standing in self-relying separation from the cathedral, presents a lofty rotunda, reared of the most precious materials, and combining an assemblage of beauties and blemishes, unequalled in any other monument of the middle ages. Standing in the centre, and looking up through the showering expression of its gorgeous features, you are as much at a loss whether to admire and acquit, or regret and condemn, as was the susceptible judge, pronouncing sentence on an erring female, whose beauty had touched his heart, and bewildered his oath. The profusion of ornaments; arches swelling over arches, to no visible purpose, and columns towering above columns, without an object; with the splendors of the dome floating, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, dazzle your vision, and overpower your critical judgment. Nor is your perplexing wonder diminished, when you are told that this magnificent pile is consecrated to the christening of those little beings who have just budded to the light. The tomb of Agamemnon is an appropriate memorial of his greatness — a befitting emblem of his fame; but this sumptuous mass towers immeasurably above its occupation.

Near by, stands the Campanile, or Leaning Tower, celebrated alike for the beauty of its architecture, and the mysteries of its inclination. Eight peristyles, rising over each other, in lightness and grace, to the summit, relieve the solitude of its elevation, and elegantly robe its naked majesty. You ascend to the top, by a spiral

stair-way, leading steeply up through the interior, and as you emerge to the light, at an elevation of one hundred and seventy feet, you feel amply compensated for the fatigues of the ascent, in the wide and rich prospect spread beneath. From the broad and fertile valley through which the Arno rolls its waters, the eye turns, in wilder wonder, to the lofty peaks of the Appenines, piercing the distant sky, or to the waves of the Mediterranean, ever rolling and rejoicing in their light and strength. The inclination of this tower has been ascribed by some to an eccentricity of taste in the artist; but it more probably lost its perpendicular in the unequal settling of the foundation. I state this reasonable conjecture reluctantly; for, so far as it may have influence, it must mar the beautiful mystery that has hung for ages around this monument, like a soft cloud veiling a mountain pinnacle. People like so dearly to be imposed upon, and find so much pleasure in the marvellous, that I would not, were it in my power, destroy their belief in a ghost, the sea-serpent, or the man in the moon. I regret that the recent discoveries in *that orb* have been confessed a hoax; they were fast gaining credence, and would soon have passed as genuine and modest, not excepting even those winged men-bats, and that crystal, three hundred and fifty miles in length. Were people as credulous, when informed of their weaknesses and errors, as they are when told of the antics of a hobgoblin, what a change it would bring upon the whole face of society!

At a slight remove from the cathedral, and in harmony with its sacred associations, lies the Campo Santo, or burial-place of the Pisians. It is an oblong square, tastefully walled in, and affording, around the interior, a paved walk, covered with gracefully-springing arcades, ornamented with vivid frescoes, and where the footstep of beauty bounds along lightly, as if decay and death were not there. Let nature be cheerful about our tombs; let the bird sing, and the violet bloom; but let man bring only the tribute of his tears. He will soon need, himself, this tender token of regard. There is no fellowship in the grave. Death gives us but one embrace, and that so-cold and full of change, that they who have known us will know us no more. The earth of this cemetery was brought from Palestine, in the Pisian galleys, instead of the living beings who have perished in Lanfranche's crusade; and is held in such estimation, that the spirit which here resigns its mortal tenement, is supposed to be certainly thus far on its pilgrimage to *that land* of which this is only the faint type. Would there were some absolving soil, through which we might all pass, at last, purified, to the better country! Many, indeed, would think lightly of it, in their hours of health; but in the day of death, it would be their only object of solicitude. Why then turn from that fountain, whose waters can wash out the deepest stains, and from which the soul may pass without a blemish to the bosom of its God?

The antiquity of Pisa is not a subject of greater curiosity to the stranger, than of pride to the Pisians. They trace their origin to the veins and adventures of a few brave Greeks, who, after the results of the Trojan war, wandered hither from the banks of the Alpheus; and this high descent, seemingly so full of vanity and fable, is partially confirmed, by the authority of Strabo. But the separate dignity and

political existence of Pisa were at length lost in the all-absorbing power of Rome. Yet when that frightful despotism had fallen in ruins, and left only darkness and crime in its place, Pisa came forth in the form of a republic; and so far from evincing the feebleness of age, exhibited the energies of fresh, exulting youth. Corsica and Sardinia bowed to her prowess; Naples and Palermo obeyed her dictates; and even Carthage surrendered the treasures of its pride and fame. Her voice was heard, in the shape of law, among the hills of Palestine, and inspired a submissive respect along the castled banks of the Tiber. Her eminence in letters, her achievements in the arts, no less than the triumphs of her valor, excited the warm wonder of mankind, broke up the sleep of surrounding nations, and covered Italy with the splendors of a fresh morn.

But decay and ruin have now cast their deep sepulchral shadows over all the pride and magnificence of the Pisians. Their palaces have crumbled; their lights of science have been extinguished; their commerce departed; their population gone down to the grave; and even their beautiful harbor, where once floated innumerable ships, the sands of the Arno have filled, till the weeds and the wild-grass wave there, as if it had ever been a stranger to the keel and the oar. Silence reigns in the untrodden streets, and the lofty arches of her marble bridge, which once echoed to the stirring tread of thousands, are now gloomily still, as the trees that bend in darkness over the fabled river of death. Looking upon Pisa, you feel as you would were you bending over the grave of the one you love. You almost forget the beauty that remains, in the light and charms that are fled. Could we lift but one veil, it would be that which conceals the Past!

LABORS OF LOVE.

'STRUGGLER with ocean's foam,
Wherefore upon the wild and stormy deep,
Where the wind-spirits their rude pastime keep,
Dost thou all lonely roam?
The sailor's eye gleam'd 'neath its lash damp with foam —
'T is for those whom I love, in my own calm home!

'Wand'rer on foreign strand,
Why art thou there, scath'd by the hot simoon —
Fainting with chill of night and glare of noon,
Far from thy father-land?
The step of the wand'rer grew light on the sand —
'For the lov'd ones of home, in my own green land!

'Warrior in battle hour,
Whence is thy kindling eye — the lip of pride —
Thy stately tread — when Death roams wide,
In his withering power?
A swift flush softened that stern, dark brow:
'T is for my own free home I am warring now!

'Haunter of Learning's cell!
Pale, wasting by the taper's sickly light
Thy lip's fresh hue, whence is thy spirit's might
In long deep thought to dwell?
The gifted one turned from his ancient tome —
'T is for those whom I love, in my own glad home!

GOD IN NATURE.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

'WHAT learn we from the past? — the same
 Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom;
 I asked the future, and there came
 No voice from its unfathomed womb:
 The sun was silent, and the wave;
 The air but answered with its breath:
 But earth was kind, and from the grave
 Arose the eternal answer — Death!'

FALKLAND.

CAN it be so? No voice! — no sign! —
 No light to solve the mystery —
 To tell earth's erring denizen
 Wherefore he lives — his destiny?
 And doth the dark and dreary tomb
 Involve in an eternal gloom?

Is man thrown on the sea of life
 By chance — without or chart or guide —
 No change nor check, no hope nor star,
 To lead him o'er that ocean wide? —
 At last, on death's stern, wreck-lined shore
 To strand, and sleep for evermore!

Go in the hush of dewy morn,
 Where glittering gems of rainbow-tinge
 Clothe bending bough, and waving grain,
 And shining lakelet's reedy fringe;
 When painted bloom and fragrant flower
 Yield to the wind their eden-dower.

And open then thine eye and ear,
 And let thy better self prevail;
 Look out upon the glowing land —
 The freshness of the breeze inhale.
 Then say if thy enraptured glance
 Embraces but the work of chance!

Go at the sultry summer noon,
 When Silence, with her mystic spell,
 Enchains the forest, and keeps watch
 O'er cliff and wave, o'er field and fell;
 When cease the panting birds to sing,
 And scarce an insect tries its wing!

When e'en the zephyrs hold their breath,
 And, fainting in the stilly heat,
 The dust-soiled traveller longs for rest —
 In some green nook, a cool retreat;
 Seest thou nought around thee there,
 That speaks an overruling care?

Go at the evening hour of rest,
 When weary task and toil is done,
 And from the blue hills of the west
 With lingering look departs the sun;
 When sleeping earth and heaving tide
 Are flushed in radiance, far and wide;

And from the heaven's purple depths,
 In many a broad and wavy fold,
 Hang out the banners of the storm,
 Glowing in sapphire, crimson, gold,
 Upon the azure bounds of day! —
 Whence is that glorious display?

Go trace some babbling streamlet's course,
 That windeth far through olden woods;
 And sit thee on some moss-grown trunk,
 Deep in their dreamy solitudes,
 Where in the unsunned, breezeless glooms,
 In music wave the tall fern plumes.

Where in the deep repose, may'st hear
 The whirring of the rich leaf's fall;
 Unclose the avenues of the soul —
 Dost hear no calm 'still voice and small,'
 That whispereth of a Power supreme?
 That tells thee life is *not* a dream?

Go climb with slow and weary toil,
 The mountain's battlemented steeps,
 Adown whose crags is hurled the spoil
 Of many a forest-king — where leaps
 The torrent in its wild career,
 While shake its barriers as in fear!

Climb, till upon its storm-scathed top,
 Alone thou standest in the dome,
 And let thy weary, 'wildered eye
 Over the far, dim prospect roam —
 Dost hear no silvery voice — no sound
 Upwaving from the blue profound?

Look out upon the trackless sea —
 Its mighty energies at rest;
 When sleeps the green isle tranquilly
 Upon its waveless, glassy breast,
 And far remote, the swan-white sail
 Lies lingering for the fickle gale:

Or when the storm hath torn its depths,
 And heaved its mountain waves on high,
 And wildly o'er the booming waste
 The laboring bark is seen to fly;
 And iron bolt and oaken grain
 Can scarce withstand the frantic main!

When 'tramp the waves with heavy march,'
 And far along the ragged shore
 The billow's adamantine guards
 Rock to the ocean's swelling roar!
 While in the frantic revelry
 Exult the monsters of the sea!

Or trace the tempest far away,
 To where it furls its elfin wings;
 And round some lonely island-bay,
 In low, ethereal whisperings,
 Midst glens and groves in beauty drest,
 Out-worn, it sings itself to rest!

While yet the terrors of the strife
 Are working in the blue, lone deeps;
 And ever moving onward still,
 The weary, weltering billow sweeps —
 Seest thou no guiding spirit here?
 Nor in the calm, nor storm's career?

P E D A G O G Y .

'WHENEVER the aim of our teachers shall be elevated to the true end of education, there will be less lack of dignity or honor in the calling, however it may be with the emoluments of it.'

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR DEC., 1836.

It is hard to write seriously upon a subject which has ever been matter of ridicule. But the word at the head of our article has claims to careful attention. The Pedagogue has held a most equivocal place in public estimation. In the abstract, he is lifted ever so high. In public addresses, 'spirits of the age,' 'onward progresses,' and all the closet enthusiasm of writers, no man could wish for more adulation than the 'teacher' receives, as he is then called, by way of compliment; but when our enthusiasm is a little over, and we descend to earth from these high elevations that so widen our vision, he is then 'the school-master,' or 'poor pedagogue,' another name for a ridiculous person, with some knowledge of books, and none of the world, who, installed behind a high desk, strikes terror into boyhood, and engrafts upon it, by kicks, cuffs, and blows, certain indispensable rules of reading, writing, and arithmetic, prior to the time when their real education shall begin, behind a counter, or in the improving employment of doing up parcels, and running of errands. Walter Scott, in *Dominie Sampson*, has inflicted a wound upon Pedagogy, the scar of which will never be effaced; and Washington Irving, in *Ichabod Crane*, has struck daggers into the dignity of the calling: the Stage has had no bowels of compassion for the persecuted race, and Painting has added her mite to its bitterness. All the small fry of imitators have copied these laughable distortions of human nature, until to be a pedagogue is to run the gauntlet of a certain portion of society; not the literary and well-educated portion, for so necessary an occupation is not undervalued by men of sense. By 'certain portion,' we mean second-rate lawyers, or as they would be called in England, scribes; merchants, whose weekly literature is contained in their *blotter* and *day-book*, and who form their moral codes, on Sunday, over their *ledger*; all quacks and pill-mongers, who get their living so easily by imposition, that they look with pity and contempt upon all labor of any kind; all money-lenders, at exorbitant interest, and speculators in wild lands, who look for sudden fortunes; all politicians for a living and not for patriotism; dandies, idlers — all foolish people, in short, be they more or less. Yes, all these despise and underrate our business.

We would have such follow us as we trace the origin of this fated word. Pedagogue is derived from the Greek noun *παις*, *παιδος*, a child, and the verb *αγω*, to lead — to lead a child; or from the Latin *pes*, *pedis*, a foot, pl. *pedes*, and the Greek verb — to lead the feet. The latter derivation we prefer, because 'to lead a child' may mean merely to take care of his physical being, the task of a servant; while 'to lead the feet,' implies a moral power over his volitions by motives; a more pleasant employment, and nearer to the truth, beside. The feet stand, by a very common figure, for the whole body, or rather for the most important part of man, his mind, particularly

among Scripture writers. The disciples of Jesus 'sat at his feet,' and 'followed in his foot-steps.' The Psalmist prays that his 'feet may not be led astray;' Jesus washed his disciples' feet, which act, in our opinion, teaches a great deal more than gentle humility. But we have said enough to prove the dignity of the title, pedagogue; and though we hold it in common with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, we must confess they did not have the advantage of desks and school-houses, nor the pains of the confinement, either. Socrates was followed by his disciples, or learners, along the banks of the Ilyssus; they sat together beneath the shades of the Lyceum, and listened to the play of its fountains. Plato, with his pupils, frequented the groves of Academus, among whom was Aristotle, who became the tutor of Alexander. The dignity of the ancient pedagogues is enhanced by the beautiful freedom of their lives, spent in those retreats sacred to Apollo, and adorned by the patronage of Pericles, Pisistratus, and Lycurgus. They were surrounded by beauty, both of nature and art; and their illustrious pupils lent the willing ear of admiration to their precepts.

The term pedagogue is too dignified a title to apply to those who temporarily fill its *place*. They cannot discharge its *duties*. More ready are we to excuse the ridicule which makes it almost a term of contempt, since so many assume it who are disqualified for its office. What should we think of the man who should undertake to teach dancing, having no ear for music, receiving pay in advance, in order to pay his expenses in the study of medicine? Yet so it is. There is no fixed course of duties in pedagogy, as in dancing, and law, and medicine. The course of the pedagogue is discretionary—to be adapted to the order of mind and disposition he deals with. He is under general maxims, to be sure; but no two minds are so nearly alike as to receive verbatim the same training in particulars. It is this indefiniteness, unavoidable to the pursuit, that puts it in the power of any one to pretend to teach. 'The college student who seeks in winter the means of paying his summer quarter-bill; the young farmer, who turns school-master in winter, because he has nothing else to do in the winter months that is quite so profitable,* can handle the ferule, and put money in their purse, to their own benefit, and to the injury of the pedagogue and his cause—we beg pardon, the cause of the public, and of liberty, and virtue, and religion—by creating dissatisfaction in the minds of parents against all schools, by their ill-performed services. Not by such specimens of the race of pedagogues—we rejoice in the title—were the great names of England trained. The masters of Westminster and Eton schools were tyrants, it may be, for it was the age of bigotry in some respects, and Solomon's saying was obeyed as a divine talisman of talent. It was the age of flogging, and the young noble lords had enough of it; but they had enough of taste and classical learning along with it to make them large amends. These schools were the fountain-heads of an era in mind. These were your true pedagogues, and has the glory departed?

* American Quarterly Review, December, 1836, containing a very valuable article on popular education.

The world is under a mistake, a great mistake, upon this subject. The pedagogue is pitied : pitied ! — and for what ? Look at this picture — it might be true universally. It is a morning in spring. The air is alive with birds, and the odor of flowers ; the eye is greeted on every side by the green blades of grass, and the expanding leaf ; nature is rejoicing in her youth. Upon a gentle rise of ground, fronting a lake, and shaded by venerable elms, stands a building, as peculiar in its form, and as sacred in its uses, as a church. It is the school-house of a pedagogue, where he dispenses rules of grammar, rules of decorum and morality, and a rule of life. His disciples are scattered upon the green, awaiting his approach, at their games or at their studies, upon the benches under the trees. He comes. He is greeted with an universal smile. He walks on, not before nor behind, but along with his pupils to the house, chatting pleasantly as he goes of their games, or of the morning. Perhaps he discourses of the goodness of God in creating so beautiful a world for his creatures ; or perhaps he is engaged in examining a bunch of flowers, just presented to him by a blushing boy, whose neat dress and classical face already begin to show the empire of mind over matter. Their places are taken, not in sneaking fear or in riotous confusion, but politely, as one would enter the house of a gentleman. The morning thanksgiving is said, and duty proceeds ; for duty began at the door and on the way. Our pedagogue is in the midst of young friends, who love him and depend upon him. His heart gives back a sympathy. He learns, himself, while he teaches others. He discovers a new beauty, or runs into a new vein of thought, before he is aware. Mind is glowing about him. The atmosphere is mind. The world and its cares are shut out. He forgets that there are other beings in the world except himself and his pupils ; so absorbing is this communion of minds. He feels with Hazlitt, that the study of the classics is a discipline of humanity ; it gives men liberal views ; it accustoms the mind to take an interest in things foreign to itself ; to love virtue for its own sake ; to prefer fame to life, and glory to riches ; and to fix the thoughts on the remote and permanent, instead of narrow and fleeting objects. It teaches us to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion, and raises us above that low and servile fear which bows only to present power and upstart authority. The day closes, and, free from the rack of business, the concern for stocks, and ships, and accidents by flood and field, with a mind happy and elevated by a consciousness of duties faithfully discharged, he may devote himself as taste or inclination may prompt. If any occupation approaches the *otium cum dignitate* it is this ; for occupation, of some sort, there must always be, to keep the faculties healthy and vigorous. Every man, if he know his own interest, however wealthy or independent, will have some fixed, regular pursuit, that shall employ fixed hours ; and then his faculties will be systematized to enjoy rationally the remainder of his time. It is the privilege of the pedagogue that he enjoys this aid. His labors but fit him the better, by governing others, to govern himself ; by explaining minutely to others, he gains and fixes habits of minute investigation in his own private pursuits. But, more than all, he has golden views

of his profession. He feels that he is giving impulses to the world in the persons of his pupils, though their effect may be seen long after he himself shall be forgotten. Perhaps he may be mentioned after he is dead—the thought makes him grateful—as having assisted in forming the mind of some village Hampden or of the future historian or saviour of his country; but for this he is not anxious. Philosophy and Pedagogy go hand in hand.

There is one view of our subject, too important to be omitted. We refer to the *art* of teaching, as a distinct profession. Why is it that with our facilities for education, with so much will in all classes to forward the work, that so slow advances are made? It may be traced, we think, to the incompetency of teachers; a fault that can never be avoided, until this employment passes into a profession for life, as other occupations. The teacher must no longer depend upon the old veneration for his station. The clothes' philosophy has stripped him stark naked, as it has the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer. The wig like a wool basket, which the lawyer once wore, as if to impress some imaginary terror upon the vulgar as to the extent of his knowledge-box; the school-master's, somewhat smaller, to avoid action of trespass; the gold-headed cane of the doctor; the learned jargon of terms; the distant grandeur, the awful respect, these once excited, are all gone. The world, thank heaven, sees through the shallow artifice. Children no longer play at puppet-shows, and their parents are improved, too. Good clothes are a mockery, and people will have plenty to eat and drink. The only witches now are made of pith and lead, and descriptions of things answer somewhat to the originals. It is undoubtedly true, that civilization will be most advanced, where there is the greatest division of labor. The more the employments of life are separated into distinct arts, the greater will be the perfection of all. It is a great mistake, then, to overlook the profession of the pedagogue, for without his aid our press, our pulpit, our lyceums, are in vain.

What can be said to induce young men, who might succeed in the more stirring and active duties of life, to embrace this pursuit, and bring it to the point it should occupy in the attention and affections of all, not in the abstract, but in fact, in money, in emolument, in respectability? Do you love the pursuits of learning, but cannot afford to devote your life to them, urged by necessity to make money, why should you rush into professions, where to attain your object, an immediate support, you must make immense sacrifices? All the world will acknowledge that the *present* pays dearly for the quackery of the *past*, in law, and medicine, and divinity. A man of ingenuousness would blush, and no doubt often does, at being obliged to keep up a mystery that he would reveal, did it not give him his bread. We are not speaking of law, as Hooker described it, nor of medicine as Abernethy practised it, nor of divinity and religion, as many good men *live* it; but of the useless forms and processes which a poor man is obliged to pay for, in demanding or defending his legal rights, and the brown bread he takes in pills, under a new name. Why, we ask, if you are a young man, and love literature, do you not become a pedagogue? The employment, rightly pursued, may be made delightful. If you get the mastership of a city school, you will have

from \$1500 to \$2500 per annum. If you live in the country, and take one of the famous New-York academies, you will have from \$600 to \$1000 per annum. If a man has his library before hand, he may live happily, and rationally, and refinedly, upon either of these salaries.

Beside, the pleasures of the pedagogue are simple, and cost little. The air, the sun-light, the shade, the sight of cattle feeding on the green hill-sides — sparkling brooks, and gliding streams — the waving corn-field, the swooping flight of the lark — these are his pleasures, morning and evening. By night he has the stars. He can hold converse with nature, for

——— ' she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.'

But we fear the objections are far greater in another respect. It is said that the pedagogue closes upon himself the door of political distinction. It is true, that pedagogues have rarely filled political office; but we presume they might have done so, if they had wished it, or at least have had the honor of being canvassed in the newspapers, and bespattered with the filth of party warfare. But we suspect the truth is, that the true pedagogue feels rather above such business; and although ready to serve his country with his vote and influence, still he believes he is doing a better service, in his vocation, to liberal and enlightened principles, than would result from the gratification of private ambition.

But a man must feel that he is living for some object, and the business of pedagogy is hardly acknowledged as an ultimate object of this life. It must be so. It must be represented. Its existence, individually, must begin. It must be separated from other business, and be viewed as a distinct profession. And now we feel ready to read and understand the quotation at the beginning of our remarks upon Pedagogy, by

A PEDAGOGUE.

APRIL SNOW.

It will not stay — the robe so pearly white,
That fell in folds o'er nature's bosom bare,
And sparkled in the winter moonbeam's light,
A vesture pure as holy spirits wear —
It will not stay! Look, how from open plain
It melts beneath the glance of April's sun!
Nor can the rock's cool shade the snow detain;
E'en there it will not stay — its task is done:
Why should it linger? Many-tinted flowers,
And the green grass, its place will quickly fill,
And, with new life from sun and kindly showers,
Will deck again the meadow and the hill,
Till we regret to see the earth resume
This snowy mantle for her robe of bloom.

Salem, (Mass.)

L

THE FOREST CHILD: A SKETCH.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

‘Oh! would that I were but a child again!’
 This idle wish burst from me, as I stood
 Amid the dark cathedral of a wood,
 Catching, with thought, half envious, a wild strain
 Of distant laughter, that like music clear,
 Rang in a childish cadence on my ear.
 The scene, which spread before me, was a feast,
 For eye and mind to rest on. Summer gay,
 With her full, painted lip and eye’s bright play,
 Had sported through her sunny region’s waste
 Of deep-hued flowers, of every tint and dye,
 To meet young Autumn, as he came quite nigh,
 In coat of many colors; fair birthright
 From Nature’s parent hand, when forth she sent
 That thoughtful child, with wonted tribute lent
 To earth’s wide confines. Here they met awhile
 To bless and greet each other. Summer’s smile
 Still kindled all the landscape, though its light
 Was mellow’d down, but yet o’ershadow’d not
 By autumn’s serious presence. ‘T was a spot
 I deem’d all rife with beauty, nor till now
 Had dreamed at any other shrine to bow.

But that fresh burst of laughter! How it stir’d
 Some hidden springs within! I lov’d no more
 The wind’s deep organ-notes, as o’er and o’er
 It play’d its ceaseless anthem; nor yet heard
 The haunted leaves’ and rivulet’s clear fall;
 The hum of bees, the song of birds was done;
 And when I caught that fine inflection, all
 The harps of Nature seem’d quite out of tune.
 For human tones had won me; and I mov’d,
 With my first impulse guiding me, along
 A scarce-defined wood-path, where a throng
 Of vines and perfum’d shrubs, a barrier prov’d.
 Till through the tangled web that hung around,
 I pressed to where that child made holy ground.

I’ll sketch the scene: methinks that it might be
 Fit study for the painter. In the shade
 Of an oak thicket, where the fitful breeze
 Just stirred the crowding branches of the trees,
 That closely grew, like sentinels array’d
 In crowns of green, there stood a little child,
 Scarce four years old. Around her, she had piled
 A wealth of blossoms, and she seem’d to me
 A bright creation, such as one might meet
 In faery land. Her small and dimpled feet
 Just broke the crystal mirror of a brook
 That ran in circles round them; and her look
 Spoke an intensity of earnest thought,
 That yet with merry images was fraught,
 As, with a parted lip and upraised hand,
 She seem’d to listen. Soon her white brow flush’d,
 With wrapt attention, and the breath seem’d hush’d
 Within her bosom, as by some slight wand,
 Too delicate for vision. But at last
 A sudden gladness flitted o’er her face,
 And clasping her fair fingers, with new grace,
 She yielded to a most mysterious burst
 Of unchain’d laughter. Then my heart did thirst
 To know what thus could move her, and I passed,
 Regardless of its shallow, devious track,
 Over the pebbly streamlet, and drew near
 Unto the merry urchin. Half in fear,

She took my proffered hand, and tossing back
 Her sunny curls, said, pointing to a bush,
 'See, yonder bird, it calls me. Every day,
 It comes and sits upon that very spray,
 And calls me by my name. But listen! — hush!

Pleas'd with the girl's wild fancy, I look'd up,
 And mark'd the tiny songster, as it hung,
 Pecking the rain-drops from the acorn's cup,
 Then singing on, until the wide woods rang
 With the rich music of that minstrel wild,
 And the far sweeter laughter of that child.
 I left the pretty dreamer; but oft now,
 When wearied with the fever of this earth,
 Where childhood's pure imaginings find birth
 But once, and never more, I love to go,
 In mental flight, and conjure up again
 That picture of the green-wood. Not in vain,
 I trust, may be the prayer that oft I raise
 For that young maiden. Would to God some spell
 Were mine, to circle all her future days,
 And guard the freshness of her being well!

Charleston, (S. C.) May, 1837.

M. E. L.

FRANCIS MITFORD.

PART ONE.

THE commercial metropolis of Great Britain was the birth-place of our hero, and the agency of several West India plantations conferred wealth and respectability on his family; so that if Mitford was not destined to inherit the honors of a long line of titled ancestors, he possessed all the more solid refinements of aristocracy which wealth can purchase.

These were the palmy days of West India interests, and West India agencies, when the commissions on rum and sugar, (vulgar articles enough, in themselves,) enabled the careful, plodding merchant to maintain his splendid mansion and equipage, in the very vicinity of courtly wealth. These days are now past; the era of philanthropic principles has enabled the British ministers to levy twenty millions on the suffering artisans of Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, to subtract an additional potato from the humble meal of the Irish peasant, and by adding additional sufferings at home, to purchase the desolation of England's insular colonies.

After these premises, it is needless to say, that young Mitford received an education proportioned to his expectations, or rather that he had the opportunity of receiving one. He was visited with the usual applications of the ferule for the neglect of his grammar lessons, dozed over the elementary classics, stuck pins upright in his tutor's seat, for the purpose of witnessing the discomfiture caused by the derangement of the centre of gravity, and by way of rewarding him for his attention; saluted all the pretty maid servants, ay, and even the instructor's daughter, if she came in his way, on the advent of a new year; and, as a matter of course, got flogged, or as it is technically termed, 'horsed,' for his impertinence.

Oh, England, England! how in thy youthful seminaries do thy rising

generation suffer! How is each lesson moistened by their tears, and each trifling fault expiated by their groans! How must the effect of these mansions of oppression ruin and pervert the mind in after life, destroy every germ of humanity, corrode the temper, and often quell the spirit! How can it excite wonder, if at maturity thy young men find their favorite amusements in the prize-ring, and the cock-pit; or if countless thousands witness with delight, the brutal triumph of the Lion Nero over the suffering dogs, who are goaded to attack him.

It is but eking out the early lessons — but filling up the sketch of youthful education. Can any but the least refined impressions be conferred by twenty, thirty, nay, fifty stripes of a 'cat,' often inflicted by a menial, chosen for possessing the accomplishment of a vigorous arm, at the command of a capricious or brutal master, and sometimes for a very venial error? At an English school, he is the best boy, among the boys, who bears his stripes with the most Spartan fortitude, and shows by his after conduct at school, that they have failed to correct him.

How often have I trembled for the minor branches, when I have seen the fond mother directing her spouse's attention to the pompous and specious advertisement, glowing in good set terms, in the 'Herald' or the 'Times,' 'Respectable Seminary at Clapham; 'Excellent Education at Prospect-Hill;' 'The most refined system of instruction pursued at the establishment in the sweet retirement of Orwood Vale,' 'Terms only fifty guineas per annum.' Alas! 'respectable seminary,' 'excellent education,' 'refined instruction' — much abused terms! From sad experience, you convey to my mind only the disagreeable vision of weak tea and scanty bread and butter; plundered trunks; heavy charges for items never received, and the abundant exercise of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

'They manage these things better in France.' There, 'sans récréation,' 'pain sec,' 'au caveau,' are the usual scholastic visitations; and for grave errors, expulsion — a disgrace seldom incurred, and the effects of which are seldom surmounted. But the 'cat,' never.

In England, with stripes, the youth of the seminaries are in general insolent to their masters, rude in their social intercourse, and annoying, if not destructive, to those who have the misfortune to be their neighbors. In France, without stripes, the pupils are respectful to their instructors, polite in their intercourse with each other, and innocuous, at least, if not agreeable, to their neighbors. Notwithstanding the after thought of Napoleon at St. Helena, I verily believe the French system to be the best, judging from its effects. The mass of the people of France, malgré the statistics of Baron Dupin, and the croaking of English journalists, I pronounce, from observation, to be the most intellectual, and consequently the most cultivated, in Europe: as for the mass of the people of England, I believe they have much to learn before they can, in many particulars, claim equality with their neighbors, whom they affect to despise.

But flogging must be good. It is preserved in the army and navy. Consult the officers of each. They undoubtedly pronounce it so. Consult the members of the Inquisition. Ask them if their mode of sending souls to the other world, by stripes and *autos-da-fé*, is not the

very best mode of securing salvation. They will no doubt furnish you with interminable arguments in its favor.

Let us transport ourselves to St. Stephen's Chapel. We are speaking of a time anterior to its destruction. The question is the suppression of flogging in the navy. We arrive just at the close of the debate.

An honorable member, his *recherché* toilette, his air and manner, all announce the *homme distingué*. Of course, he is a very fit person to judge of the feelings and position of sailors on board a man-of-war. He is the most honorable and sensitive man in existence, and consequently best able to judge of the feelings of others. He has fought six duels for the slightest imputations, and mortally wounded two of his opponents. Dare any one inflict personal chastisement on him? Nothing short of the life of the aggressor would satisfy his craving honors! Let us hear what he says, when the question is to flog sailors.

'MR. SPEAKER: Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I feel it incumbent on me to say something on this most momentous question. It is proposed, Sir, should this motion succeed, to do what? Virtually to abolish all discipline in our navy, for with the discipline of our navy, flogging is intimately connected. Has it not been a practice, Sir, from time immemorial, in our navy? And why should we disturb what good old custom has sanctioned? (Hear! hear! from a number of members possessing church patronage, and fearful of innovation.) Have not, Sir, the battles of Aboukir, Trafalgar, and Navarino, been fought and won under the present system?—and why not let well enough alone? (Loud cries of hear! hear! from a batch of pensioners.) Sir, a sufficient quantity of flogging is as necessary to a sailor, as a sufficient quantity of beef and biscuit. It is a stimulus to his exertion, as well as a suppression of his vice. Why should sailors complain of flogging? Have we not all been flogged, and felt its beneficial effects at school? (Universal cries of hear! hear! from all parts of the house, for all the honorable members had been flogged.) But, Sir, if we want a convincing proof of its absolute necessity, let us look at the example of the United States, where the wildest visions of theoretical liberty have been reduced to practice, and where flogging has been found indispensable to the maintenance of naval discipline.'

The honorable member sat down amid loud cries of 'hear! hear!' particularly from those members who having all their lives strenuously opposed the progress of American principles, are glad to draw any argument from them in favor of despotism.

The next who rises, is a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, a K. C. B. He has been a perfect Martinet in his day. During the debate, he has been muttering within his teeth, 'Confound these fellows!—can't they let *us* alone? How many hundreds have I had flogged, in my time, all for their own good, too.' He says:

'MR. SPEAKER: I certainly cannot be accused of want of humanity. I gave my strenuous support to the bill of the Honorable member for Galway, for the suppression of cruelty to animals, and very properly, too, Sir. It becomes every gentleman to be careful of his horses, and that they are not maltreated by his servants. Horse-flesh is a dear article. I have several in my stables, that cost upward of five hundred guineas; but who ever heard of a sailor being so expensive? To be sure they work like horses, but they do n't cost so much. Beside, the flogging inflicted on them is under our own eye; and who will doubt but that *we* know what is best for them? The success of this motion I am certain the sailors themselves don't desire. They are attached to the system. No, Mr. Speaker; let Philanthropy stalk abroad in our colonies, reform our factories, and abolish the tread-mill in our prisons; but for Heaven's sake, touch not flogging in our navy! In that it may be said we have a vested interest. Vested interests let us not touch. These are the most sacred portions of the British Constitution.'

The Vice-Admiral sits down, amid loud cries of 'hear, hear,' and 'question,' from the boroughmongers, pensioners, place-hunters and

sinecurists — all mightily tickled with the idea of vested interests. The House divides :

For the motion,	- - - - -	49
Against	- - - - -	320
Majority in favor of flogging sailors, and against humanity,		271

Oh legislators ! whether of Westminster or of Washington — ye who advocate flogging, deserve the application of the recipe.

‘Who eat fat capons, should themselves be fat.’

‘Who flogging advocate, should themselves be flogged.’ If flogging be so good a thing, let there be an equality of it. Let it proceed from the navy board to the admiral, from the admiral to the captain, from the captain to the lieutenants, and from the lieutenants to the mids, who, by-the-by, might be sometimes specially benefitted by the application.

Sailors ! you are expected to fight like heroes, while you are treated like helots. Republican principles ! shall the flag that floats over our marine, never behold your triumph !

But let us draw a line, and return to our story.

OUR hero was in due time translated to Cambridge, where he walked the classic halls of St. John, drove the most elegant phaëton to be seen on the banks of the Cam, lost a few thousands to the eldest sons of dukes, fired a few shots at the youngest sons of barons, stammered through Homer, skipped Euclid, and left college for his travels, without a degree.

The barons of old disdained the acquirement of letters. People of a certain condition, in modern times, are satisfied with very superficial attainments. To be a pedant or a *bas blue*, is voted vulgar.

Our hero first flew to Paris. It is strange that the English, who until lately hated the French, and still affect to condemn them, should nevertheless think themselves the happiest mortals on earth, when they can ensconce themselves in the Gallic capital. The Champs Elysées, Jardins des Plantes, Boulevards, and restaurateurs, are infested by the Anglo-Saxons. Many a smile do their stiff figures excite among the jaunty and mercurial Frenchmen. It must nevertheless be confessed, that, transport a dozen of these same Frenchmen to London, the force of contrast exhibits them in the same ridiculous light.

The superior cheapness of chateau margaux, chambertin, champagne, and the other luxuries of life, has no doubt something to do with this English emigration. But it must, beside, undoubtedly be attributed to the acknowledgment of superior national grace, of which they hope to catch a flying ray.

Our hero of course visited the Tuilleries, where the Eighteenth Louis still presided, thanks to a second restoration. Now he had imbibed in his English education certain ideas, or prejudices, if you will, which are inseparable from a thorough-bred Englishman. He had heard of the battle of Waterloo, but not a word of the arrival

of the Prussians just in the nick of time. He had heard of a vast expenditure of blood and treasure by the British people, (highly disinterested, no doubt,) to place the Bourbons upon the throne; and, as a matter of course, he conjectured that every thing and every body, English, were and ought to be the subject of supreme adoration in France.

Shall we describe the grand stair-case of the Tuilleries, through which our hero ascended to the royal presence? No, nor even the levee itself, nor the royal personage celebrated for his attachment to '*coutelettes au veau*.' Suffice it to say, there was the usual display of gilding, and of mirrors generously reflecting back the beauty which shone on them. The ladies were, as usual, somewhat embarrassed with their trains, and the gentlemen with their swords; and there was the usual quantity of bows and smiles, which always have existed, and always will exist, while kings have favors to bestow, and courtiers are craving to receive them.

His heavy majesty received our hero with the politeness of a gentleman, and the dignity of a monarch. But he perceived that his being an Englishman, gave him no extraordinary claims to regal consideration. He was neither invited to dine *tête-à-tête* with Majesty, nor to dance with the Duchesse d'Angoulême. He actually discovered, with indignation, that French armies were commanded by French generals, French councils 'guided by French ministers, and the rentes regulated by French financiers. He became convinced that the simplest Englishman from England did not pair with the most exalted in France. Shocked at the announcement at every corner, of '*les Anglais pour rire*,' he retired to his apartments in the Place Vendôme, to write a long chapter on the ingratitude of the Bourbons, French frivolity, and the folly of the battle of Waterloo.

Our hero remained a sufficient time at Paris to add to his stock of French and foibles, and quitted that capital for Vienna, where he astonished the staid Germans by his Parisian vivacity and English liberality. He gazed, at Dresden, on the fair ladies knitting at the opera, and admired the contrivance of bells, by which their sage mamma's are enabled to judge of their occupations in the most remote part of the paternal mansion; wept over the sorrows of the Poles at Cracow, and heartily wished all the Russian garrison in the Vistula; but he eschewed the more intimate portion of the Autocrat's dominions, dreading a journey to Siberia.

He galloped through Poland, that is as fast as the roads would permit him, flew through Germany, steamed the Rhine, and found himself in London at the age of twenty-one.

Here let us draw a line.

It must be acknowledged to be a very inconvenient, not to say unhandsome proceeding, on the part of papas — that is of papas, who have any portion of the world's goods to leave behind them — not merely to endure, but to hold out a prospect of enduring, many years after their sons have arrived at man's estate, and are in fit mood of mind to enjoy their patrimony, if they could only get at it.

To be sure, there is no legislative enactment on the subject. The civilization of the age is not yet sufficiently advanced. But we would seriously recommend to all papas the extreme discourtesy of keeping their sons out of their patrimony later, at all events, than their twenty-second year, and hope they will profit by so sage and comfortable a remonstrance.

Now our hero's sire was in advance of the illumination of the times; for shortly succeeding the majority of his son, he actually bade adieu to this breathing world, leaving him his only heir, in clear and undisputed possession of five thousand per annum.

'What a hundred pretty things,' says Lady Townley, 'can be purchased with a hundred pounds!' How many more pretty things can be purchased with five thousand per annum. Even in London, it will procure some of the ordinary decencies of life. Let us see. It will buy the use of a fashionable house at the West End; a fashionable chariot; a box at Epsom; the entrée of White's and Brooke's; the smiles of all good dames who have portionless daughter's; the good word of every ruined roué to whom you chose to lend twenty pieces; and, what is better than all, an introduction to civilized society; for it is not all society that comes exactly under that denomination.

But our hero determined to be economical; and he thus made a programme of his expenses:

House in Baker-street,	-	-	-	-	-	£ 500	per annum.
Bachelor's Domestic Establishment,	-	-	-	-	-	2500	" "
Menus Plaisirs,	-	-	-	-	-	1000	" "
Stud on a limited scale,	-	-	-	-	-	1000	" "
						<hr/> £5000	

Behold our hero installed in his own mansion — the hour is mid-day — sipping his chocolate with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and skimming the pages of the last number of the Court Journal. A visitor is announced: the extended hand is proffered him.

'My dear Grogam how de do? Any thing novel? What new star has illumined the horizon of the theatrical firmament?

'Nothing new, my dear fellow; the theatres are as dull as a debate on the corn laws, or Catholics; even the aid of Italian pantomime has failed to animate them. I really fear, *faute de mieux*, we shall be all forced to church. But how do you manage to rise so early?

'Early? Why it is extremely late. 'I generally rise with the sun.'

'My dear fellow, if you really are, or ever have been, guilty of so *bourgeois* a custom, renounce it altogether! I assure you, no man of the least fashion has any idea of sun-rise, except on the painter's canvass. For myself, to bad habits I am the most indulgent of mortals; but to hear you avow this to any one else, would make me crimson like the roseate east.'

'How is it, then, I see you so early?'

'The story is soon told. Late at the opera, late at the House, late at White's, and early on a visit. In fact, the last *noctes* has not seen me press my couch.'

‘How laborious you are, my dear Grogram! But every true patriot must suffer in the cause of his country.’

‘Yes,’ sighed Grogram: ‘it often astonishes me, when I think of my labors. I actually rose at half-past two, yesterday — afternoon, understand me — rode to the House at five, and before eleven, assisted in voting away eleven millions of the public money.’

‘Your labors merit the peerage.’

‘Yes. I have often suggested to the minister, how much better it would be to vote the whole, *en masse*, than to drivel away the time of honorable members, by peddling at a few hundred thousands per vote, and constantly returning to the charge.’

‘It would certainly be much more convenient,’ said Mitford, smiling; ‘but the people have such strange notions of economy.’

‘Oh, abominable! Only think of that man Hume making such an outcry against an additional half-million for Buckingham Palace, and at those convenient situations of which the only duty is to write a receipt for the salary, and which so many of my own family support the dignity of the constitution by filling. I should not doubt if, in the course of a few centuries, people of condition would actually be obliged to work, like mere clerks, in the discharge of their official duties. Oh, England! how are thy glories flitting! But *à propos* of labors. Do you know why Hercules was the least busy of accoucheurs?’

‘No.’

‘Why, he never attended to more than twelve labors, during the whole course of his existence.’

‘Ha! ha! ha!’

‘Why did Horace fly from the battle of Philippi?’

‘I am quite at fault.’

‘Merely to show he was no *lame* poet.’

‘Again. Why does a sigh-heaver carry a greater load than a coal-heaver?’

‘You must solve it.’

‘Because a coal-heaver has a load at his back, which he can easily get rid of, but the other has one at his heart, he cannot part with. But a truce to this. Will you go down to Epsom to-morrow?’

‘I intend it. And you?’

‘Why really, Mitford, it would pleasure me to go; but I have been obliged to throw such a heavy per centage off my rents lately, owing to the depressed state of agriculture, that I cannot, just now, afford to sport five hundred pieces of gold; and I dislike to trouble my friends. Perhaps you have not such a trifle?’

‘At your service, Grogram.’

A check was drawn for the amount, which Grogram pocketed, never to refund.

Grogram was one of those cadets of good family, who from time immemorial have been considered to have an imprescriptible right to live on the people. His family had borough interest; thus Grogram found his way to Parliament, a convenient friend lending him, at the return day, the necessary property-qualification, for Grogram himself was quite free from that vulgar species of care which arises

from the possession of property, and was merely celebrated for executable puns, and borrowing money.

Nevertheless, as may have been observed, Grogram had a convenient habit of talking of his tenants, and his rent-roll. He had so often repeated this story, that he at length began to believe in the fiction as a reality.

Grogram's father was provided with a sinecure in Ireland, which of course neither imposed on him the necessity of his presence, or any trouble. It produced him six or seven thousand a year. To save appearances, and stop clamor, a commission was appointed to inquire into sinecures. They addressed a letter to Grogram, senior, requesting to be informed of the nature of the duties performed by him. He replied :

'GENTLEMEN: You must altogether have misapprehended the nature of the functions delegated to you by parliament. It never could have been intended to require gentlemen to descend to minute explanations, or have been expected that a man in possession of seven thousand a year, should perform the onerous duties of a mere clerk.'

'Yours, etc.,

'GROGRAM.'

To 'the Commissioners,' etc.

Parliamentary reform has achieved much, were it only the banishment of such men as the Grograms from places and parliament.

ISLE SANTA CRUZ.

WHERE the bright waters flash beneath the sun —
Where burns the tropic — many an island gem,
Chaining the sea with emerald — lieth one,
The jewel rare in ocean's diadem.

O fair its skies! — its gales are all of balm —
Its citron groves yield to the winds their breath;
The hills send odors down, of mountain-palm
And cedar, scenting all the vale beneath

With incense — perfumes from a thousand flowers;
Bright tropic birds wing gaily through the air,
Health poureth dew on all the glowing hours,
In that soft breathing clime, as Eden fair.

Isle of the cross! from other shores and skies —
From where the fierce north-western freights the sea
With icebergs — where the rolling river lies
Chained by the frost-king — drooping, come to thee,

The worn with sorrow, lingering with disease,
With faint heart-sickness — deep, untold distress —
To quaff life from thy waters, and thy breeze —
To find the healing balm — forgetfulness!

Is not thy blissful clime, O 'Holy Cross'!
An emblem of that faith, whose symbol gives
Thee name? youth to the soul! — true 'Kanathos'!
Where the worn pilgrim bends to lave — and lives!

IONE.

STANZAS.

'WHAT is our life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth but for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'—ST. PAUL.

As bubbles on the mountain stream
 Pass swift away;
 As cloud-tints live in sunset gleam,
 And then decay;

As meteors, on a summer's eve,
 Blaze forth and die,
 And on the heavens no traces leave
 Where they pass'd by;

As that fair star, whose light once fell
 Upon us here,
 Has nothing left on high to tell
 That it was there;

Thus from the face of earth shall I
 Pass soon, to be
 Forgot, like thousand things that lie
 Asleep in memory.

S.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER TWO.

SCOTLAND. — MELROSE — ABBOTTSFORD — EDINBURGH.

MELROSE, JUNE 6, 1836. — In the sanded parlor of 'The George,' where lodged in days of yore that industrious and worthy antiquary, Captain Clutterbuck, I now date my first epistle from the 'land o' cakes.'

The ride from Newcastle to the 'border,' over barren moors and the Cheviot Hills, passing the scene of 'Chevy Chace,' was cold and dreary. But, arrived in Teviotdale, a change came over the face of things, and for three or four miles near Jedburgh, there is a series of lovely pastoral landscapes. Swiss scenery may be more wild and majestic, but it cannot surpass in quiet beauty this charming region about the Tweed — rendered so interesting, too, by its 'classical associations,' as some tourist sagely said of Rome. Here, within the space of fifteen miles, are Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh Abbeys, Abbotsford, the Eildon hills, the scenes of the Monastery, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and of songs and romances innumerable.

Melrose is situated in a delightful vale of the Tweed, environed on three sides by verdant hills, and flanked by the gloomy, heath-covered peaks of the Eildon, which seem to rise directly in the rear of the village; but I had to walk nearly two miles to the base of them, and the ascent was an afternoon's work. The wind was so strong at

the top, that I really feared being blown off. On the summit are the remains of a fortification, chronicled in the books as a Roman prætorium, and I saw no Edie Ochiltree to exclaim, 'I mind the bigging of it.' The view from the top is worth the ascent. It extends twenty or thirty miles on each side, and takes in the cream of the region so familiar to Scott and his readers. The path is across a rocky glen, where a 'stream is gently laving,' and through a grove to 'the mountain's brow,' where the sheep are gently grazing!

EVENING.—At dusk, I went alone to 'the ruins gray' of 'fair Melrose.' The cicerone, (a son of the 'honest Johnny Bower,' who escorted Mr. Irving there,) has the history of the Abbey and the Lay of the Last Minstrel all by heart; and he repeated several passages fluently and feelingly, as he guided me through the ruins. We stood on the tomb of Michael Scott, which William of Deloraine so valorously explored at midnight. A 'wizard figure' is carved on it. We trod on the graves of the Douglas and of the Heart of the Bruce. One window only remains entire; indeed the whole of this once splendid fabric is in ruins; but the very ruins are beautiful; they are just in the state to be most interesting; and the specimens of ornamental stone work which yet survive, are the admiration of those skilled in such matters. The sculptured *hand* holding a bouquet, is, as Lockhart remarks, most exquisite. It is wonderful to me, that so much perfection and taste in architecture should have existed at the time these cathedrals and abbeys were built. It would be difficult in these days even to raise the *funds* for an edifice of this extent and magnificence.

I was not sure, until my guide told me, that Melrose was 'the Monastery' of the Novel. Here, then, Abbott Boniface, Father Eustace, and their two hundred 'brethren,' counted their beads, and feasted on venison. A mile distant, is the bridge over the Tweed, and the place where the 'white lady' frightened the Sacristan. Glendearg is three miles farther, near the 'banks of Allan Water.'

MIDNIGHT.—In order to be in the fashion, I have just been again to see

——— 'Fair Melrose aright,
By the pale moonlight,'*

or rather starlight, for there is no moon now. It is truly an excellent time for visiting such a place. I was quite alone, and all was still as death. Not even

'The distant Tweed was heard to rave,
Or the owlet to hoot, o'er the dead man's grave.'

The flapping of the night-birds' wings on the towers was the only sound. I walked round the venerable pile, (which is now almost obscured, on the village side, by a cluster of unromantic cottages,) and found myself in the grave-yard, under the noble oriel window of

* I was told that Scott himself never saw Melrose by moonlight. He had a moon-light picture of it, which I saw at Abbotsford.

the chancel. A fine scene and hour is this for a believer in ghosts ! But what a place it is to cogitate in !

TUESDAY. — I have spent the whole forenoon at *Abbotsford* ! Is not that saying enough ? It is easy to understand the feeling which prompts one to say nothing, when it is so impossible to express the thrilling delight or the thousand associations which a place like this calls up. But there is *no* place like this. It is unique in its situation and beauty ; it stands alone, in every point of view ; a hallowed shrine, to pilgrims of all nations, for ages to come.

It was a fine clear morning — the air as bracing and pure as that of our favorite Brattleboro', (Vt.) and indeed Melrose greatly resembles Brattleboro' in its situation and appearance. * * I set off after breakfast, and had a charming ride of two miles over the hills and dales which the poet was wont to frequent, the Tweed being now and then in view, until the turrets of the house, or castle, as you please, are distinguishable amidst a grove, near the banks of the river. The building is then lost sight of, until you arrive at the very gate — or as a Frenchman says, *vous tombez sur le chateau* — which is approached by a circular carriage-path through the grove. The arched gate-way is very handsome, and is substantially built, as is the whole edifice, of a native gray stone. The house cannot be mistaken. The pictures of it are so accurate, and the architecture so unique, that it looked quite familiar. It is shown to visitors by an intelligent house-keeper, who seems to be the solitary tenant. The entrance-hall recalls all the visions of chivalry and romance. A mere catalogue of its curiosities would fill a volume. Crossing a small closet, in which are figures of knights in armor, I entered the *study* — the sanctum sanctorum — from whence proceeded those splendid productions, which have delighted and instructed the world. The books, chairs, and every article all over the house, remain as Scott left them, and every thing is kept in the nicest order. I seated myself in the large easy chair by the table where he wrote, and marvelled at my own presumption. There is about this sacred spot a singular air of melancholy, which every one must feel. Even the cicerone seemed impressed with it. An Edinburgh lady, of a party here with me, remarked : ' How differently one regards this and Newstead ! *There* we may be interested, but *here*, every thing is venerated. Scott left no poison for his fellow men : his works may be read by old and young, both with pleasure and profit.'

Adjoining the study, is a little holy of holies, a closet in the north-west tower, where is preserved the last coat Scott wore, together with his arms, swords, etc., neatly arranged. Next, we enter the library, the largest and most splendid apartment, where, with other things elsewhere described, is a fine bust of Scott, by Chantrey — the best likeness, it is said, ever taken. I should like to spend a month in that library. What treasures there are on those shelves ! — the rarest and choicest gems of the bibliographer, and presentation-copies from authors, all over the world, for the last thirty years. We proceeded to the drawing-room, which contains some beautiful ebony chairs, presented to Scott by George IV. ; a copy of the Warwick Vase, and some fine paintings ; next, to the breakfast-room,

looking toward the Tweed on one side, and the Yarrow and Ettrick, famed in song, on the other. Here are beautiful drawings by Turner and Thompson, a fine oil painting of Wolf's Craig, (Bride of Lammermoor,) etc. Then we passed to the dining-room, where are several fine pictures, and to Miss Scott's room, as it was when she died. The book-cases in it are filled chiefly with poetry and romances. In the armory, I saw Rob Roy's gun, and had my hand in his purse; Bonaparte's pistols, taken at Waterloo; Hofer's blunderbus; the work-box of Mary, queen of Scots, and many similar rare matters, all tastefully arranged and labelled. Most of the furniture, and the ceiling in the various rooms, are of rich carved oak, for which Scott seems to have had a particular fancy. I was taken, by special favor, to the chambers, in all of which are curious and interesting paintings. Indeed, every part of this abode of romance is a museum in itself, and every article has a legend or a history. Miss Scott's bed-room looks into the front enclosure, but Sir Walter's commands the Tweed and landscape for several miles. The beds, etc., all remain as they were. There were two apartments allotted for strangers and visitors. Mr. Irving had the best one, near Sir Walter's. In the dressing-room of the latter, is a curious old oaken cabinet, containing human skulls, among others Michael Scott's, taken from his tomb in the Abbey. I explored every room up stairs and down, and most of them twice. It is idle, however, to attempt giving an account of all I was shown — such as Ralph Erskine's pulpit; a chair made of the wood of the house where Sir William Wallace was betrayed, with an inscription to Scott; a lion-skin sent from Africa; bamboo from India; the keys and door of the Tolbooth, ('Heart of Mid-Lothian;') ancient armor, swords, etc.; the urn containing bones brought from Greece, and presented to Scott by Lord Byron, when he repented of the sweeping attack in the English Bards, and courted the friendship of his great contemporary. The letter accompanying this gift was affixed to it in the library, and *stolen* by a guest! — a theft as silly as it was outrageous. It would take months to examine every thing to one's satisfaction in this intensely interesting spot. The gardens, grounds, walks, etc., are beautiful exceedingly, and made so entirely, it is said, by the late proprietor — the site being, twenty years ago, barren and uninviting. I took leave reluctantly, and with feelings which those who have been there only know. The only relic I could obtain, was a twig or two from the bush under the study window.

HAVING seen Abbottsford, it is meet that one should visit Dryburgh-Abbey. This most picturesque ruin is much more beautifully situated than Melrose, being in a retired and lovely spot, on the banks of the river, in the midst of gardens and groves of trees, and thus obscured, like Abbottsford, until *you tumble upon it*. It is hung with ivy, and is in a state to please the most romantic. The ruins are scattered over several acres, and show that the Abbey must have been of prodigious extent, and the architecture very noble, though not so rich and delicate as Melrose. St. Mary's aisle is now covered with turf. Scott sleeps in a retired corner, near the graves of his

wife and of his ancestors, the Haliburtons. The arch above the grave is represented in the pictures, but as yet there is no monument or stone 'to mark the spot.' Do you recollect Scott's own lines in the fifth canto of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*?

'Call it not vain; they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill,
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves, that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

'Not that in sooth o'er mortal urn,
Those things inanimate can mourn,
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song;
And with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead:
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle plain.
The chief whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now from the mountain's misty throne
Sees in the thanedom once his own
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung
Their names unknown, their praise unsung.'

How strikingly appropriate seem these lines, as one stands on the spot where the hand of the minstrel that shall strike the lyre no more, is mouldering to dust!

Two miles above Dryburgh, are the ruins of Smaillholme Tower, where Scott spent his boyhood; the scene of his ballad, 'The Eve of St. John,' and the Avenel Castle of 'The Monastery.'

The same party I met at Abbotsford, had preceded me to Dryburgh. A young lady — a very pretty one — climbed with me to the top of one of the highest tottering towers, which threatened to tumble over with us, some hundred feet or so. As we returned toward the 'Temple of the Muses,' a pretty bower on the grounds, we met Sir George Ascot, son of the late Earl of Buchan, and proprietor of the Abbey and its vicinity. He stopped and tipped his beaver very courteously, 'hoped every attention had been paid to us at the Abbey,' inquired 'if we noticed this and that part,' etc. His residence is near the ruins, and he has built a picturesque suspension-bridge across the Tweed from his estate. The river is fordable, however, in most places, and clear as crystal, the pebbly bottom being easily seen, even from a distance.

EDINBURGH, Wednesday Evening. Had a fine ride from Melrose. Set off at ten, crossed the bridge just above Abbotsford, took a last farewell of that 'romance in stone and lime,' and for twenty miles kept along the banks of Gala Water, (a nice little brook for trout,) enjoying a variety of pretty views. Twelve miles from Edinburgh, the dim outline of Arthur's Seat is discovered, above the nearer hills. The environs are level, and highly cultivated. We passed several noble mansions, among others Dalhousie Castle. At a turn of the road, the city suddenly comes in view, and a splendid view it is. On the right, the Frith of Forth, studded with sails and steam-boats; Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags flank the city on the north-east, and its strong hold, the Castle, on the opposite side. Beyond, rises Calton-Hill, and its noble monuments. Nothing can be more imposing, than the approach to Edinburgh. We entered a fine street of neat modern houses, of stone, shaded with trees, crossed the bridge over the gulf between the old and new towns, turned into Princes-street, and were set down before the granite buildings of Waterloo-Place.

WALKED up Calton-hill. The splendor of the prospect in which one here revels, cannot be imagined. It is said to be unequalled in Europe, even by the glorious view of the Bay of Naples. Appropriately is Edinburgh styled the modern Athens; it is at least very like my ideal of the *ancient*: and, as if to heighten the resemblance, they are building on the top of this model of Mars'-Hill a superb monumental temple, copied from the Acropolis. The massive Doric pillars of the front portico only are finished, and from a distance they look like the ruins of the Parthenon. The view from this eminence, on all sides, is rich and varied. No combination of nature and art could produce a more magnificent panorama.

It was sunset when I went up to the CASTLE — the scene of so many chivalrous exploits. Passing three or four 'outward walls,' on which no 'banner' of defiance was now waving, the sentinels admitted me to the battlements. From these there is another extensive and interesting prospect. The interior of the castle is very queerly constructed. The towers, batteries, and barracks, rise one above another, till you almost despair of reaching the highest. At nine, the band perambulated the whole, playing the evening salute. The 'Royal Highlanders' are quartered here. I meet them at every turn in the street, in their big, bushy, black caps, plaid *kilts*, bare knees, and buskins, as in the days of Rob Roy and Fergus McIvor.

At the foot of the castle, looking up, it appears like a mere cap on the head of a giant mountain of rock; but when you get up to the *cap*, lo! it covers seven acres, and contains a little village of barracks and ramparts. There is a big gun in the yard, nine feet in circumference, and twenty feet long — and thereby hangs a tale. Going down High-street, there was a crowd around a zealous itinerant preacher, who was holding forth somewhat in the Muckleraith strain. I saw announced, in glaring letters, a Panorama of Jerusalem and of New-York! and Herschel's Wonderful Discoveries in the Moon,

which I found were really believed, with credulous simplicity, by many in this city of science, twelve months after that ingenious hoax had been invented and laughed over in New-York.

FRIDAY, 10th. Called on Mr. W —, an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's, of whom he had much to tell me. 'No man,' he observed, 'could have worn his honors more meekly. Unassuming to all, he never affected literary character or distinction. He had always at command an exhaustless fund of anecdote and humor, and made every one about him feel quite at home, and at their ease. His principles of honor were worthy of imitation. Involved largely in debt, by unforeseen circumstances, for which he could not be blamed, he labored night and day, at his advanced age, at the drudgery of revising the new edition of his works, from the profits of which, his own share being £67,000, he honorably paid every penny; but the exertion cost him his life. The present publisher of his works has also himself amassed from them a handsome fortune.

Having a packet to deliver to the celebrated SIR DAVID BREWSTER, I called at his lodgings in Dundas-street. The worthy and learned knight, who is well known as the Editor of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and one of the ablest scientific writers of the age, is a good-looking man, about fifty; his hair being quite white, he looks older. He speaks with a slight Scotch accent, and his manners are quiet, easy, and gentlemanly. He received me very kindly, suggested the best tours, and gave me an introduction to an antiquarian gentleman of Perth, an order for the Royal Institution, etc. He is said to be very retiring, and even bashful, in public.

AFTER a walk through the splendid streets, squares, and gardens of the 'new town,' with an admiring glance at the classic taste of the Grecian 'Institution,' and at the noble University; with a visit to the blood-stained apartments of Mary and Darnley, and the hall where Prince Charlie gave balls and kept court at Holyrood, with its one hundred and thirty-one portraits of Scottish kings, back to three hundred and thirty years before Christ, including Macbeth, Duncan, etc., all painted at the same time! I proceeded to the old Parliament House, now fitted up for the courts of law. The hall where the Scottish parliament assembled, is very large, and has a curious oak ceiling. It is now a sort of public '*change*' for 'limbs of the law' and their clients. The advocates, and 'writers to the signet,' *alias* attorneys, were pacing about, or reclining on the benches, talking to their customers. Adjoining this hall, are the minor courts, in small rooms, where causes are decided by single judges without juries; but from their decisions appeal can be made to the general court, where all these judges officiate together, with a jury. On one of the doors was inscribed '*Lord Jeffrey*' — and stepping in, I was fortunate enough to see on the bench, in his wig and red gown, this celebrated character, for many years editor of the Edinburgh Review, and exerting more influence on the literature of the day than any other

person living. His famous critique on Byron's Hours of Idleness, which called forth the biting satire of English Bards, contributed, no doubt, to *make* Byron a poet. Jeffrey's physiognomy indicates all the *acuteness*, penetration, and ability, for which he is distinguished. His very glance is enough to silence all duplicity and prevarication. He sifted the argument of the pleader in a cool, business-like style, worthy of his station.

DINED with Mr. —. No visitor here from the United States escapes an attack on the subject of slavery. Mr. Thompson has made us all appear such cruel brutes to the poor blacks, that the kind-hearted Scotchmen have taken up the matter with the warmest and most disinterested benevolence, and think they are called upon to *move* in their behalf. They seem to marvel greatly that we should not consider the blacks quite on an equality with ourselves; and when they have one here, which is but rarely, they treat him with all sorts of respect and attention—give him dinner parties, and escort him about in their carriages, etc.

I had an opportunity of seeing the appurtenances of a city dwelling-house, of the better class, which, in many respects, would be a model for our builders. Every thing seems intended rather for use and *comfort*, than for mere *show*, in the residences of the trading classes of England and Scotland. The buildings are *substantial*, the walls varying from eighteen to thirty inches in thickness. The walls of some of the old castles are from five to even *nine feet* thick. They were not designed to tumble down, as an Irishman would say, before they were up. Hence the reason why fires are here so unfrequent, and so easily subdued. I was in London three months, and had not a single opportunity of seeing a fire, and only one of seeing a fire-engine. There is evidently much less destruction per annum by the devouring element, in all that vast metropolis, than there is on an average in New-York. Insurance in London costs next to nothing.

SATURDAY. — Rusticated a little, over to ROSLYN, etc. Stepped into a rail-road car at St. Leonard's Hill, where a Jeannie Deans was spreading her newly-washed linens on the grass; passed the ruins of Craigmüller Castle, and the seat of the wealthy Marquis of Abercorn, and in twenty minutes was at Dalkeith, where I stopped to see the beautiful and extensive parks, gardens, and palace, of the Scottish Cræsus, the Duke of Buccleugh—the Walter Scott, at the request of whose lady, a greater man of the same name wrote the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The parks enclosed with the palace cover eight hundred acres, in a picturesque spot; the rivers North and South Esk both flowing, or rather tumbling in water-falls, through the centre. Near their banks in a grove, and 'far removed from toil and strife,' is a rustic bower, in a capital place for students or rhymsters, or philosophers of the school of Jacques, who read the brooks and trees. From thence, passing through Springfield, (where there is a paper-mill, but not Ames'), I walked seven miles to Hawthornden,

the seat of Drummond the poet, and now occupied by his descendant.

'Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslyn's rocky glen;
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?'

It was here that Ben Johnson came on foot from London, to visit his brother bard. It is on the banks of the Esk, in a romantic and beautiful situation. From the rear of the house, there is a private walk along the lofty, fir-covered, and picturesque banks of the river, to Roslyn chapel and castle:

'Sweet are the streams, oh passing sweet!
By Esk's fair banks that run;
O'er airy steep, by copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.'

This chapel is another of those fine ancient ruins with which Scotland abounds. It is remarkable, that so costly and elaborate an edifice should have been erected as a private chapel to a single baronial establishment. The castle is in ruins — very little of it being left; but the views from its site are very pretty. A mile or two below, is Woodhouslee, the seat of the late A. Fraser Tytler, (created Lord Woodhouslee,) author of 'Universal History.' Above, is Melville Castle, Newcastle-Abbey, and Dalhousie Castle. Scott's cottage of Lasswade, it will be remembered, was on the banks of the Esk.

SUNDAY, June 12. — Went to the HIGH CHURCH of St. Giles, where the 'authorities' attend officially. The preacher was Dr. Gordon, an elderly man, considered, I was told, next to Dr. Chalmers. They have no organ, and the church, as well as the service, in strong contrast to the imposing splendor of the English cathedrals, is as plain as the most zealous puritan could wish. They use the quaint old Scotch version of the psalms, and sing, sitting, the real old-fashioned 'down-east' tunes. The 'Magistrates,' *alias* the Common Council of the city, with the Lord Provost, occupy the front gallery seat, near the pulpit, on one side, and on the other, are the judges and chief justice. Jeffrey was not among them; I presume he escapes to the Episcopal church. The 'Magistrates' wear crimsoned robes, and three-cornered caps, and are escorted to and from the church in procession, by men in uniform, with lances, and two in black, who bear the sword and the mace. Before taking their seats, the magistrates and judges bow to each other, as if to intimate the harmony between the makers and executors of the laws.

AFTERNOON. — Attended St. John's Episcopal Church. The building is very handsome, the singing and organ very fine, and the preaching very dull. Dined with Mr. M——. It is remarkable how many of the middle classes, even of the mechanics and tradesmen, in England and Scotland, support the Tory principles. I had supposed the Tories were only found among the wealthy and the nobility; but this is a great error. O'Connell and his measures are denounced, even by the majority of the Whigs. None but the ultra-radicals 'go the whole figure' in reform, with him. It is singular,

too, that so few of the *intelligent* people have seen their own fine scenery and curiosities. I asked a young lady here, who had painted a view from the 'Lady of the Lake,' if she had been to Loch Katrine. 'Oh, no!' she replied, in a tone which implied that such an expedition would be considered quite uncommon. They would think as much of it as we should of going to Ohio.

When 'The Lady' first appeared, the continent was blockaded by the armies of Napoleon; so that tourists, now first hearing of the romantic scenery painted in this poem, were attracted in swarms to Scotland. What a benefactor was Scott to his country! The good she will derive from his works, for centuries to come, is incalculable. It is already felt in every part of the land. New roads are made where none before existed; and inns and new villages are springing up, in the regions of which he has written, to accommodate inquiring visitors from afar.

THE CRY OF MY SOUL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

When the breath Divine is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going:
And, as touch of viewless fingers,
Softly on my soul it lingers,
Open to a breath the lightest,
Conscious of a touch the slightest,
As some calm, still lake, whereon
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,
And the glistening water-rings
Circle round his moving wings!

When my gaze is upward turning,
Where the stars of Heaven are burning,
Through the deep and dark abyss,
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,
Blowing with the evening's breath
Brightly in their Maker's path!

When the breaking day is flushing
All the East, and light is gushing
Upward through th' horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its pencilled rays,
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with Life and Love;
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom;

When sweet sounds of life are ringing,
Warbling, murmuring, sighing, singing,
When each bird and insect seems
Feeding on the living beams,
And so pure and bright a day
Seems too fair too pass away!
When the spirit's wing ascendeth,
And my soul its flight extendeth
Upward, onward, till its strength
Faieth with its journey's length;
To the farthest verge of thought
Deep, and dim, and fearful, brought,
And in doubt and dizziness,
Pausing o'er the vague abyss!

When my wakeful fancy over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
And upon my heart I press
More than mortal loveliness —
Holy as the seraphs are
Which by Shiloh's fountains wear
On their foreheads white and broad
'Holiness unto the Lord!'
When in vain, I seek to give
Dream and shadow power to live,
And, inspired with rapture high,
It would seem a single sigh
Could a world of love create —
That my life could have no date,
And my eager thoughts might fill
Heaven and Earth o'erflowing still!

GOD — JEHOVAH! — Thou alone
From the shadow of Thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast,
And its rapture, answerest!
All its thoughts which upward winging
Bathe where Thy own light is springing;
All its yearnings to be free
Are as echoes answering Thee.
Oh, seldom on my lips is heard
Thy awful name's mysterious word!
Deeply in my inmost breast,
Doth its dread idea rest!
Shrined and holy, dwells it there,
Kindling the breath of secret prayer:
Yet, by each strong emotion caught
From Nature in my inmost thought.
By a thousand nameless raptures thrilling
With a strange delight the chords of
feeling,
I know and feel within my breast
Thou, Holy Spirit, lingerest —
And the cry of my soul from its dark
abode,
Is to thee, oh Father, my Guide and God!

GROVE HALL:

OR 'LIVING LIKE OTHER PEOPLE:' A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

MR. BOARDMAN was originally from the country. There he married. With no other capital than industry, frugality, and enterprise, he commenced business in one of our largest cities. His trade gradually expanded, through a series of years, till he was ranked as one of the first importers of the city. He was noted for his industrious habits, while prudence and coolness marked his mercantile career. His lady, with the frugal notions brought from her parental home, rendered her dwelling the abode of comfort without ostentation, and plenty without luxury.

Years rolled on, and they reared a large family — four daughters and six sons. The children, as they grew up, mingled in the routes and rounds of city life. The circumstances of the family naturally introduced them into the gay circles of the élite; and, of course, Helen and Josephine were at the great fête of the season, given by the Churchills. It was nearly twelve, on the following morning, when they arranged their toilet, and appeared at the breakfast table.

'Good morning, my dears,' said the doting and indulgent mother: 'how did you enjoy yourselves last evening?'

'Delightfully, ma!' said Josephine; 'I wish you had been there. The mansion at the Oaklands is *so* elegant! Every thing is superb, and they have room for a *jam*. The great hall overlooks the romantic lake, where there are two beautiful swans; and the Sylvan Bower sent forth the sweetest strains, making the spirits dance in all the delights of a fairy scene. Oh, ma! *we* must have a country-house. I am determined to coax pa. *We must live like other people.*'

'Yes, dearest mother,' added Helen, 'we must retire to the country. Your health requires a pure atmosphere. Pa shall build a country-seat — just like the Churchills'. They are honored by every body.'

The good father left his counting-house, and came home to dine. The daughters, full of their determination, talked of nothing but 'a country-house.' And from that time, until 'Grove Hall' was commenced, the indulgent parent heard little else save the delights, healthfulness, and elegance of a 'country-seat.' The city residence was entirely re-modelled, to keep pace with the elegance of 'Grove Hall,' and the Boardmans were honored with the presence of *the ton*, at their magnificent retreat in the summer, and at the 'town-mansion' in the winter.

The sons, meantime, had been disposed of as became the inheritors of fortunes made to their hands. William was for 'the ministry,' notwithstanding his drawing largely upon the preparatory funds, and his being now and then put in the *minus* list as the leader of '*sprees*.' There was room to hope for reformation before he 'received a call.' Thomas would 'read law;' John was 'inclined to physic;' while Harry was to be of the 'life mercantile.' They all went to college, as a matter of course; but, like thousands of others, they went *through*, received their diplomas, and the college-fund, at the counting-house, showed a *suffering* of over fifteen thou-

sand dollars, including the 'wild oats' paid for by the indulgent father. All save Harry took ship for Europe and the continent, to *finish* their education. Harry was received into the house of his father, as a partner, at one third the profits. Few young men ever started life with such brilliant prospects: and beside, he was considered what the world terms a '*smart*' young man; held his head high, talked largely of stocks, and had a finger in the prevalent speculations. But for all these, a dissolution took place in about a year, Harry averring that he must remove to a larger theatre for enterprise and business. He accordingly planted himself in the great commercial metropolis, where he could unfold the giant powers of his mercantile mind, and, by a few Herculean strides, leave the old-standards far in his wake, in his onward career of mercantile glory. He went ahead—dealt largely in commerce, deeply in real estate, and heavily in stocks; availing himself of the vast opportunity which the well-known wealth and standing of his father's house gave him, whose indulgence was ever ready to endorse his bills of exchange to any amount. Harry was a bold adventurer. He dipped into the mania for speculation, was made a bank director in one of the largest institutions, and in about four years from the time he started in 'a great business,' he was confidently written down, in the price-current of estimates, a 'millionaire.'

The other sons returned home, having expended immense sums in their 'European tour;' but they had imbibed the notions of gentlemen abroad, and had no inclination for the dry details of a profession. For several years afterward, they pursued the genteel life of idleness. Thomas finally married Annette Anderson, an heiress, with a West India plantation, and slaves accordingly. John, too, took to wife a lineal descendant of the Stuarts', and they both occupied splendid mansions in the most fashionable quarter of the city, given them by their kind father. Their establishments were kept up with a splendor worthy the distinguished brides of their household. The lady of John brought not wealth, but greatness, in her royal descent: and to live in a style worthy of her great ancestry, the coffers of the elder Boardman, (John still being a gentleman, without profession,) were subject to constant and enormous drafts. The 'West India plantation and the negroes to match,' turned out, like many other great fortunes of imported heiresses, a mortgaged estate, which the broken fortunes of her father had secretly involved, previous to his demise, for nearly as much as it was worth; and Thomas, too, forsooth, must draw upon 'the counting-house' for supplies to support himself and heiress.

It was the wonted practice of the Boardmans to visit the metropolis during the fashionable season. While there, amid the gay scenes of the following winter, Josephine became acquainted with Edgar Sidney, or as he was more commonly cognominated, Sir Edgar, as he was the reputed descendant of a family of high pedigree in Lincolnshire, and would enjoy a dukedom in the following year. 'Jose' was delighted with the duke, and the duke was enamored of 'Jose'—and the wedding took place with great pomp and parade, at the elegant mansion in 'Crescent-Place,' which Mr.

Boardman had taken great pains to furnish in a style of magnificence worthy the royal rank of its future occupant.

It was about this time, that 'the pressure in the money market' commenced. Harry, 'the merchant and millionaire,' was deep in the importing line of British manufactures. He had heavy arrivals of stocks — there was no sale — and what was worse, the American merchant in London, who had been giving him accommodating facilities, by the acceptance of drafts, could get funds no longer from the Bank of England, and his drafts came back protested. He had been largely concerned in cotton, and the article was down flat in Europe. His 'Eastern Land Speculation' proved that it was much easier to talk of making two or three hundred thousand dollars, than it was to sell his 'township,' after an advance of twenty-five per centum of the purchase-money. 'India Rubber Stock,' though very elastic, was 'no sale;' and his 'Western Lots,' where a city was to show its aspiring head, remained much in a state of nature; and in this state of things, it seemed quite natural that Harry Boardman, 'the millionaire' should prove the extent of his operations, by failing for two millions of dollars, bringing in his father, as the endorser of his bills, for nearly half the amount.

When the news reached 'Grove Hall,' the Boardmans gave, the next night after, a fête of extra magnificence, probably on the principle of the London banker, who had always gone on foot, until his credit was doubted, when he added a splendid carriage and servants in livery to his establishment. All the world were at this superb flare-up; and among the number was a rich and very respectable English family, who were making the tour of America. They were invited, out of especial respect to the Duke, and were presented with the ceremony becoming his high rank and royal extraction. But their astonishment can alone be imagined by the reader, when they recognised in the pretended Duke the eloped son of a small woollen-draper of London, who had no other claims to blood royal than the manners he had caught in his 'shop acquaintance,' in fitting coats to the royal customers of his father.

Josephine — the proud, uplifted Josephine, who had all her life repudiated the very name of a mechanic, and the odor of 'the shop' — was horrified. 'He no Duke, but the son of a tailor! — a half-and-half cutter of gaiters, and fitter of small clothes! Was ever woman so treated!' she feelingly exclaimed, with the scandalized Pauline. 'How the world will talk! The wife of a mechanic — a low-born, vulgar tape-and-scissors! How it will ring at the great party of the Worthingtons: 'Josephine Boardman married to a tailor! I'm no Duchess, after all!' and she swooned in the arms of her mother, and refused to see 'the Duke' ever after.

Well did she say, 'The world will talk.' The explosion, although the pride of the family sought its secrecy, went upon the wings of gossip. 'The Duke and the Duchess' were upon all tongues, and a theme of sarcastic merriment to all parties. The Duke was forbidden 'Grove Hall,' and warned to flee, as a vile impostor. It soon appeared, however, that he had made the most of his borrowed honors, having, like other great dignitaries, 'lived like a gentleman while in.' Now that he was only 'a tailor's son,' a swarm of tradesmen,

of almost every description, became clamorous for their dues; and the splendid mansion, and the superb furniture, given Josephine as a bridal present, went under the hammer to satisfy the Duke's debts of honor, (gambling liabilities,) and small matters in proportion.

That man was a philosopher, who said, 'Misfortunes never come singly.' So happened it to the Boardmans.

The shock given to the established house of the elder Boardman, by the failures of Harry, began to be whispered on 'Change. It was known that the establishment was under heavy responsibilities, and that its 'factory business' had brought losses upon the concern. The banks began to be wary. They finally refused his paper; and for the first time during his mercantile career, the head of the firm was driven into the market to buy money at a premium. He passed restless nights and anxious days, determined as he was, at every hazard, to support the credit of his establishment, and maintain the position in which the labor of nearly half a century had placed him. And he would have done so, had not a new calamity burst like a thunder-bolt upon him. His son John, whom we have seen for several years pursuing the life of a gentleman at ease, had contracted habits of vice which almost invariably follow indolence and a want of regular employment. For the last two years, he had been a constant visitant at the 'Subscription House,' the great gambling establishment for private gentlemen; and though fate had hovered over this awful crisis in the affairs of the Boardmans, in the midst of the father's embarrassments, he was called upon to pay notes amounting to nearly twenty thousand dollars, or follow his son to prison. In hopes of concealment, the notes were paid: but the affair soon got abroad; the house could not sustain this additional shock to its credit; and in a short time, the old firm of Boardman, the importer, failed for upward of three millions of dollars, and with it were crushed the hopes and the fortunes of the Boardmans of 'Grove Hall.'

This sad reverse was too much for the old merchant. Cut off from the busy scenes of active life; his family degraded, shattered and ruined; himself neglected, or passed by with cold recognition, he sought a temporary retreat in an interior town; but the wandering ejaculation and the vacant stare denoted too soon that intellect had left vacant the temple of reason; and, in less than two years afterward, he died, broken-hearted and forlorn, in the retreat for lunatics in the heart of the commonwealth. John, the gentleman of leisure, and the private gambler, had, by the last descending step, become a professional gamester; and perhaps the reader may recollect the 'Confessions of a Gambler,' who paid the penalty of his life for murder within the sovereignty of these states — and whose painful narrative alluded to the misspent time and wasted opportunities of his youth. It was he whose first public crime was forgery, and whose deeds hastened to ruin the father who had yielded him a fatal lenity. Thomas, the other son of indolence, became a wasted, wretched, miserable and debauched drunkard, and died a cast-off in the city alms-house. Harry, the 'millionaire,' exhibited the benefit of having been *employed*, although he had made some most fatal mistakes in business. He ultimately became a navigator, and is now a respectable sea-captain to a foreign port. But Edward, the youngest

brother, coming on the theatre of life after the sad reverse of his family, had no factitious aid to help him onward ; but he was determined to procure an education ; and teaching in the intervals between his regular studies, he is now one of the most popular pulpit orators in the United States, and has gathered his mother and her daughters to a neat little cottage, where they feel it their duty to teach, by the melancholy illustration of their own history, the great error of the present day — *seeking to live like other people.*

THE BRANDYWINE.

THE calm, placid light of the moon was diffusing
Its silvery lustre o'er woodland and lea,
When, gloomy and lone, I was pensively musing,
Where Brandywine's waters leap gladsome and free.

'T was silence : save only the rivulet gushing
O'er pebbles and coppice that greeted its tide ;
Or airs that 'mid leaflets were dalliantly rushing,
And chasing the dew-drops that fell at my side.

The tread of my foot echoed startlingly near me,
As Silence awakened at Memory's moan ;
The birds in their nests seemed in pity to hear me,
And join, sympathetic, their plaints with my own.

I sighed, and the air breathed responsive around me ;
I wept, and the forest shook showers of tears ;
I looked, and tall forms gathered nigh to surround me ;
I spoke, the response was from sepulchred years :

WOODS.

' We once the Indian knew,
Free, as his arrow flew,
Cleaving the air ;
But whites around him threw
Chains in his lair.'

ROCKS.

' On us the warrior slept ;
Here he his vigils kept,
Watching his game ;
And not a foeman steep
Over his flame.'

VALLEYS.

' Our shadows knew him well ;
Here in each leafy dell,
Weapons he sought ;
Feasting, the fleet gazelle
Hither he brought.'

PLAINS.

' Swift over us he sped,
When from his steps have fled,
Creatures of prey ;
And oft have we been red
With savage fray.'

RIVER.

' Ah ! here he loved to roam ;
We were his chosen home,
Sunshine or storm —
And, when the whites had come,
Drank many a form.'

GRAVES.

' In our embrace we hold,
Doomed to neglect and mould,
Offspring and sire,
Till time its knell has tolled —
Earth dies in fire !'

Gloomy and sad, I returned to my dwelling,
And sought 'mid its shade for my spirit's repose ;
But Memory's tide still within me was swelling,
And shades of the Indian yet on it arose !

Erect, frowning forms of the chieftains yet flitted,
Like ranks of the doomed, who are driven away ;
They shrieked as they passed, but they scorned to be pitied,
And plunged from my sight in the setting of day !

C. W. D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROOMSTICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR VILLAGE,' 'THE OLD CHURCH,' 'MARINE FREEBOOTER,' ETC.

NUMBER TWO.

THE reader will probably recollect, that I closed the first chapter of my autobiography on my arrival in this city, and soon after I had been taken in possession by a lame mendicant, and by him converted into a crutch. I was, of course, simple and rustic in my aspect, and beheld many strange things in this great metropolis. Yet it must be confessed, I had seen something of the world. I had found industry and virtue linked to prosperity — and, on the other hand, the misery that is invariably attendant upon vice. But now I was in the great emporium, and the feeble support of a beggar. There were splendor and magnificence on every side, but with me, all was misery and gloom. I belonged to one of a class for whom death had no terrors. Indeed, he looked forward to it as his only hope — his final rest. To the rich, death is an utmost, an only fear; but, in the beautiful language of Scripture, the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto the bitter in soul; 'he shall rejoice exceedingly and be glad when he can find the grave.' A blessed light beameth from the tomb, for the man 'whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in, so that he longeth for death, and diggeth for it more than for hid treasures.' Of what a strange compound is this world composed! Perhaps the reader will pardon me, while I give a brief history of the miserable family with whom I was domiciliated. I can aver that it is a plain, unadorned truth.

Thirty years ago, when it was quite uncommon to behold coaches in our streets, Broadway was almost daily enlivened by a splendid vehicle, which rolled in solemn pomp along the pavé, provided with out-riders, and all that was necessary for fashion or beauty. There was no mystery attached to the occupants and owner of this splendid equipage. They belonged to the wealthy Mr. B —, the head of fashionable life; the polite gentleman, the accomplished scholar, the dispenser of banquets and festal entertainments. He was universally known, and as universally beloved; and even while I write, I cannot help thinking that there may be some whose eyes will follow these lines, who will immediately recognise the character alluded to. Many, undoubtedly, yet remember his accomplished daughters. Amiable and lovely, they attracted a large circle of admirers, and their smiles and frowns were long the food of joy and misery. There was one defect in them, and *but* one — and, sad to tell, it is one which is almost universal among the wealthy, even at the present day. They were utterly ignorant of the practical matters of the world. They had been nursed with the beautiful substances of life; their views of human nature had been on the gorgeous and poetical side; they had never gone down from their high places into the valley and shadow of the world, where poverty and want rear their gloomy throne, but, exalted as they were on the summit of prosperity, they felt alone the *sunshine* of existence warm-

ing around them. They were the victims of the false method adopted by the wealthy in rearing their offspring. How many fond fathers wonder at the fashionable airs of their children — at their indolence — their disregard of care. With a mother all industry, they are the queens of sluggards. Good advice is given, but it falls unheeded. The midnight festival, the pomp of assemblies, and all the circumstance of comfort and extravagance, are the only shrines at which they worship. Fond fathers! — weak mothers! you who train and guide your offspring in *one* path of life, yet expect them to travel *all* equally safe! As well might the English-trained parrot speak French — as well might the wild Arab steed, whose mouth never clasped the bit, whirl the chariot in safety — the rose bear thistles, or the pink violets.

But to return. Misfortunes befel the family, but not until the marriage of the daughters. Their 'lords' were poor; and the necessity of maintaining their families with their accustomed dignity, continued to impoverish them still more. At last, the charm and romance of existence began to wear off, and poverty to press with severer hand upon them. One grievance closed upon another, until at last gambling and intemperance, those final engines of destruction, stepped in to finish the drama, and to drop the curtain upon the last scene of their prosperity.

What finally became of the majority of the brothers and sisters of this family, I am unable to say. But *one* was the wife of the mendicant to whom I was given in pity by the teamster. She was indeed sunk in the lowest depths of misery. With several young children about her, occupying a damp ground-room in a decayed section of the city, amid poverty, raggedness, sickness, and death, well might she weep that she ever had been born. Her husband was not only intemperate, but partially insane. I do not know that I ever saw such a surprising effect from liquor. Death generally releases the inebriate from life, ere he has reached such a state as that to which he had arrived. He took much pride in decorating himself with long slips of paper, and binding fancy strips of cloth about him, and thus promenading the streets, to the great amusement of the city. This, with his hobbling movement, rendered him extremely ludicrous. At times, he would procure a long pole, and bind upon it the daily journals, attracting the cheers and shouts of the urchins as he passed. This being was once the merchant, the gentleman, and the scholar.

Previous to becoming crippled, and partially deranged, he had gathered a penny here and there, by running of small errands for gentlemen, which served to supply him with liquor. In those days, glimpses of sobriety would sometimes cross his brain, when the agony he seemed to endure was heart-rending. Had they lasted long, it would undoubtedly have destroyed his life.

In his latter days, he tenanted the open city nightly; and staggering toward home one January evening, he fell in the street, where, sleeping until morning, he froze his limbs, which came near depriving him of life, and was the cause of his crippled state, when I fell into his possession.

Yet, in his weak and helpless condition, the love of liquor never for a moment deserted him. I, of course, was his companion and friend, on every occasion. Tottering his way homeward, he often plunged headlong down a flight of steps against the basement-room of a building, and, stunned by the fall, would sink into a quiet slumber, and rise in an hour as fresh as ever. No accident seemed to injure him seriously. A bruise or two—a gush of blood upon his breast—a rent in his garments—and farther, all was well. Once, indeed, he rolled down into a deep cellar, covered at the bottom with loose stones, and I, in the conflict, flew many rods into another corner of the spot. A sharp stone pierced his side, laying bare his ribs; but otherwise, he seemed perfectly uninjured. A sober man would probably have never spoken again—the cause of which I (the broomstick, recollect,) attribute to the loose and languid state of the drunkard's muscles and limbs.

I think I have dwelt full long upon the character of this poor, fallen, unfortunate being. His family—but what can I say! The tale has been told scores of times. Oh! how true is it that 'one half of the world know not how the other half live!' It was a family under the influence of *refined* misery. They had come down from a high place to their low and degrading level. Daily, they beheld some one pass with whom they had associated, but who now hurried by their door in silence and contempt. Those who are reared in poverty, bear the burden well; but penury is a hard companion for the uninitiated.

The children moved around the streets, soliciting charity, and the mother labored, as opportunity offered, in the most common employments. Yet, degraded as they were, the sensitiveness, the pride and spirit, which distinguished her early days, were not extinguished. Charity found no welcome within her doors, for it struck her to the heart. She could starve, but not beg openly; and deep necessity, only, imposed that task upon her children.

Let me give a short dialogue which passed one winter evening in my presence. It may exhibit more forcibly the fact to which I have just alluded. It was a boisterous night. The wind was blowing a gale—the snow flying in all directions—shutters creaking and clattering—and, alas! the poor miserable family suffering all but death by cold and starvation. Their last crust had been exhausted, and their fuel consumed. The mother was gradually dying—the father absent—and the children shivering and weeping in a collected group. In this condition, a stranger unexpectedly burst in upon them, and, after quietly surveying the premises, seated himself in silence.

'An unpleasant evening for the poor, Madam,' said he, after a short pause.

'Why, rather,' she replied; 'but we *all* have our trials, and the poor should not especially murmur at theirs.'

'I perceive, also,' he resumed, 'that your accommodations are not extravagant—perhaps'—and he paused a little,—'perhaps, rather uncomfortable. Your fire is quite low, considering the

tender age of your children. Are you *really* sufficiently provided for ?

'Why, as to that,' she answered, 'we do, to be sure, experience our inconveniences; our room, however, is quite comfortable, in comparison with many I have witnessed. These are, indeed, hard times.'

'A husband, madam ?'

'I *had* — in name, he is so yet.'

'Ah! I see; misfortunes — intemperance, eh ?' he inquired, casting his eyes upward.

'It is too true, my dear Sir — yet,' she continued, 'we have witnessed our happy days.'

'Do the benevolent ever inquire into your circumstances?' he asked.

'Well, Sir, they have *inquired*. Yet, blessed be God, we manage to keep along tolerably well. You must not judge, Sir, too much from our *appearance*. I can assure you we are much happier than our lot indicates.'

'But charity, you know, madam, is not to be confined alone to those in the lowest depths of poverty. Those who are struggling severely with their fortunes, though they triumph, are not the less worthy.'

A tear started in her eye, and she turned full upon the stranger, and with her whole soul burst forth :

'Poverty, Sir, is an awful thing.'

'Especially to those,' he replied, 'who once knew better days.'

'Better days!' she repeated — 'better days, you said, Sir;' and she glanced at him with an eye that shone like fire

'All classes, you know, are liable to misfortune!'

'Oh! now, Sir,' said she, 'do n't trifle with me! I know it. I was in high circumstances. I have had a mighty fall, indeed; so low, that it will be for ever impossible to rise again: but still we manage to keep along quite comfortably. We must not now expect the comforts of life in a high degree.'

'Will you accept a *present* from a friend?' he said, reaching forth his hand; 'it may be welcome at this moment.'

'As a *present*, Sir, but not as charity — I cannot ask alms. To beg! merciful God!'

'Indeed, madam, it is your *due*; a debt owed to your husband, contracted when he was in business; please accept it.'

In this way, the poor lady was prevailed upon to receive a sum which was in reality charity, but which was given in so delicate a manner, that it afforded her a double degree of relief. Many people would term such a feeling fastidious. They would question the propriety of indulging the poverty-stricken in their mock sensibility. The true philanthropist, however, knows the human heart better, and deals with it accordingly.

Well — this family were partly supported by benevolence, and partly by the wife's industry for a long time. I, as usual, was the same old crutch, supporting a mass of liquor and corruption. But 'misfortunes seldom come singly.' Neither did they in this case. To close the scene of their suffering, a fire broke out in one of the build-

ings near us, and our hovel, with numerous other dwellings, were entirely consumed. In the hurry and confusion, I was thrown into the street, and there I lay with hundreds trampling upon me, until at last my head was broken off, and I might be properly termed a broomstick again. A young buck, who was amusing himself at the spectacle, picked me up, declaring I was just the thing he had been looking for, as I would serve him for a staff just then, in default of a better. He was a high-blooded young fellow, and made many remarks on the splendor, sublimity, and poetic beauty of fires. He thought, however, he should not like a fireman's berth; would'n't work as they did, to save his grandfather's house — no, he'd be d——d if he would. Thinks I to myself, 'I shall have a bold master now: quite a change from my former situation.' The fire was soon over, and away we trudged toward home. He and his companion were amusing themselves on the way, in conversing about their female acquaintance. They appeared to have been quite frequent attendants at the parties, soirées, etc., given of late.

'I say, Jim,' says one, 'that was a devil of a pretty girl you was monopolizing all last evening. You must be in for it there, I guess, eh?'

'Pshaw, Dick! — none of that now. Why she'll do to *talk* with; but I can assure you there is nothing serious there. Why Dick, between you and me, she is just one of the sort with whom to chat and pass an evening; but after all, I could make her believe white was black in two minutes.'

'Well, now, Jim, 't is pretty much so: these girls have more show than any thing else, after all, hav' n't they?'

'Some have — *most* have, Dick; but, Dick, those two whom we saw at the party on Tuesday night — they were substantial. Those eyes! — do n't talk of them!'

'Pretty large feet, though,' said Dick, hesitatingly: 'if it was n't for their *feet*, they would do; but while I think of it, did'n't you observe at times rather an insipid cast of features in one of them? — a kind of I-can't-explain-it sort of look, eh?' he continued.

'Well, that *was* queer in her, was n't it?' said Jim, starting. 'I should have forgotten it if you had not spoken. A strange turn of the eye, occasionally, that almost ruined her.'

'The girls are all flirts, an't they Jim?' continued Dick; all but yours and mine. They make fools of us young fellows.'

'Yours is as great a one as the rest,' replied Jim. 'You are under petticoat government, and do n't know it. Let me tell you, that girl of yours has always been considered a coquette; not that I by any means would hurt your feelings, Dick, you know; but that's what people say, that's all.'

'That's what *people say*, is it? Well, my friend, 'people say' about yours too. They say she talks too much. They say she always monopolizes the conversation — no chance to say *booh*! when she is by. So we both have a benefit from 'the people.'

'Let them talk,' said Jim. 'They told many she did not talk enough; Julia was a little too much between both — not enough of either; Elizabeth was not witty; Sarah, on the contrary, was letting fly her sarcasms in all directions; Ellen was too rude; Jane too for-

mal — and so it goes. There is no pleasing all parties, my dear fellow.'

This conversation was carried on for quite a length of time, the object of which appeared to be, a decision upon what constituted real beauty. The whole circle of their acquaintance were brought up in conversation, and every charm and blemish underwent a regular criticism. Yet after all their logic, nothing definite was decided upon. What surprised me most, was the curious standard of merit which they had erected. Personal appearance, not *mind* and *disposition*, was the criterion. It was not, how meek, or how amiable, or how modest, she is; but what a form! what eyes! what a foot! etc., to the end of the chapter. How falsely the world often judge in such matters! Who would choose a male friend for beauty alone? Why then a female? Mind and matter are not allied in proportion to the *appearance* of the former; though one would suppose such to be the case. This false judgment too often leads young men into difficulties which are subsequently heartily repented of. Another circumstance which attracted my attention, was the devotional respect they paid to the opinion of the *world*. It was what the world thought and said, which governed them. Poor deluded beings! But let me resume my history.

It appeared, finally, that my new master was a young clerk of the city, who thought full as much of dress and personal appearance, as he did of his business. He conveyed me home to his boarding-house, and after eyeing me carefully, concluded I would make quite a plain, eccentric walking-staff. Away I went to the mechanic, and soon came out in a fresh costume — being handsomely polished up — a buckhorn head, with a hole bored through it, and a string attached, a fine iron point to stand on, etc., — all 'armed and equipped' for *staff* duty. But, reader, do not think I intend to part with my cognomen of 'Broomstick.' No, Sir, I cannot. As those actresses who have won public favor under their maiden name, still retain that name after marriage, so I, the Broomstick, intend to *write* as a broomstick still.

Well, my friends, my new master was quite a buck in his way, and circulated considerably in society, in a small way. He was extremely fond of promenading Broadway. Every summer afternoon, when the sky was clear, and the sinking sun hung low in the west, just shading one side of the street, he was out, pushing his way among silks, and satins, and plumes, and poverty, and rags, and the other thousand specimens of 'animated nature,' which Goldsmith has not particularly described. I had been his companion on so many occasions, that I vainly thought I was quite a physiognomist. I began to imagine I almost knew the occupation and station which many of them held in the community. I recollect, particularly, one June afternoon, my reflections as I passed up this main artery of the city, that great receiver of all the numerous little streams that pour their living currents into it.

The street was all alive. Coaches, omnibuses, and small vehicles innumerable, were rushing various ways, their wheels flashing in the sunlight. The side-walk was crowded to excess. So dense was it, as to become completely 'dammed up,' at times; and, as is said by

the poet, 'the weary wheels of life at last stood still.' I was attentive on all sides. Here tripped along a little miss in solitary beauty; there a young bride, leaning indolently on the arm of the stronger vessel, telling her story with an uncommon flow of spirits.

Ah! my little maiden, in simple attire — with hair so simply dressed — you who cast many a glance about you, and, occasionally, with an exclamation of surprise, point to some object of astonishment — I know you well. You were bred in those regions which 'God made,' as Cowper beautifully expresses it: 'God made the country, but man made the town.' You know nothing of the city. Transplanted from your native soil into this great hot-bed, you seem to wilt in a day. You wonder and wonder again where all the people *can* come from; if they throng the streets in such numbers every day, where can they all live? You are surprised, also, at the want of familiarity on every side. There is no nodding — no smile of recognition; but each one passes, coldly and carelessly, on his way. You would not live here for the wealth of the Indies. The splendor of a day has already thrown a faintness over thy fresh heart. Go on, fair one! Thine are the first pure emotions of an unsophisticated heart, which might be changed by circumstances.

Ah! my pale, cadaverous, yellow and bilious maid — I know *you*, too! That was truly a splendid banquet which you attended last evening; a little too late, however, in its duration. Your morning's rest was a feverish one; perhaps the champagne was not pure. You almost wish the young broker in Wall-street had not pressed you so fervently to continue your potations. Another party is on the *tapis* for to-night. You are sorry — but then all the respectable and wealthy will be there; how can you remain absent? And so you are promenading a little, to resuscitate your weary system. The fresh air and smiling faces, you think, will be beneficial. Perhaps they will, my fair one; but you cannot last long, and it is the opinion of the broomstick-walking-staff, that when you are at last gone, a coroner should be sent for, and a verdict of 'death by suicide' rendered.

'Halloo! my little chubby man, in homespun clothes, and heavy boots, pushing along with ceaseless speed! You came near prostrating a lady just now. Oh yes! I recognise you — a Connecticut farmer, who has just sold his butter, and now on his track for the steamboat. You are a plain, substantial man, and not easily caught by the glitter of this world. You promised your family to be home on such a day, and you would not fail, for a trifle, to keep your word.

'Why, you old apoplectic soul! how you waddle along! Your eyes are fixed on the pavement, and you seem in deep meditation. Going into Wall-street, eh? You are really puzzled which stock to deal in to-day. Bought on time sixty days ago, and lost. You do n't like buying on time, you say to yourself; it is too hazardous; stocks are too shifting, to trust them sixty days. Delaware is down, but you think kept down by adventitious circumstances, and may be pressed still lower. O how you wish you could look into the future! You would make 'lame ducks' as thick as blackberries. You are a close one, though, my old fellow. That family of yours is extravagant and expensive; and the command was given by you, before

your departure, to the coachman, to order the carriage for the use of the family, at ten. Good morning, Sir!

‘Here comes my whiskered, moustach’d friend, flourishing his cane, and tripping along very gingerly. He is one of those characters left in possession of more money than brains, and who after idling a few years at college, took the tour of Europe, corresponding, at the same time, with some obscure journal in his native village. He has been fortunate in aping all the accomplishments of another nation, turning them into the ridiculous more completely than the sublime was ever transformed. How little he knows in regard to himself! While he imagines that he is an object of universal admiration, he is regarded with pity and contempt by all sensible beings. When death overtakes him at last, the vacuum which *he* leaves will never be observed.

But I must draw this number of my biography to an end. I trust it will not be altogether unprofitable to the reader, simple as it is. It will be perceived, that my whole history is rapidly drawing to a close — that the volume of my existence is fast filling — soon to be clasped and silently put away for ever. But we will not mourn. The immortal Hogarth has sketched a broomstick as a figure representing the close of a busy life. Permit me, therefore, kind reader, to moralize.

Life, I repeat, then, is short. And how many trivial circumstances occur daily to remind us of this truth. The pilgrim who has wandered far from his native village, on returning to its little burial-place, finds many a stone, and many an inscription to chain him in wonder and silence. So short a period, and yet how many lights of friendship have gone out! He wanders among the shadows of the ancient elms which shade his home, but he is a stranger. That silver-headed old man, who was the ‘uncle’ of the village, has laid aside his staff, and has gone to sleep for ever. Every one knew him; and his lips were eloquent with many a tale. A play-mate that was, had married, and died.— one here, and another there. We trace them to the grave, and nought breaks the silence of that holy spot, save the tinkling of the brook, or the sighing of some passing zephyr. The grave! That home of the great, and final couch for earth’s kings! What a glorious company the living have in view, when they are called away from their idols above! The patriarchs of old, Jacob, and Joseph, and the Pharaohs of Egypt — Solomon, whose golden temple mocked the glory of the morning sun — the Thebans — Emperors of Rome and Greece — with thousands of the illustrious of more modern days. The grave is indeed rich with departed greatness. Where is Scott — the immortal Scott? He sleeps with his brother in fame, Shakspeare! Where is our own Washington? *He* sleeps with Cincinnatus and Alfred, three names as legible as the stars of heaven. The grave has them all — and never will such dust dissolve again in its hallowed precincts. But I must pause; and if age spares me, I trust I shall be enabled to give another chapter, closing my diversified history.

New-York, May, 1837.

H. H. R.

T I M E .

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

I strood in thought beside an arrowy stream,
 Holding its way through many a flowery mead
 And woodland, where alone the fitful gleam
 Of the sun pierced the gloom — then, quickly freed
 From forest twilight, with a noisy speed
 It dashed and bubbled onward down a slope
 Where rocks arose its rushing to impede,
 But rose in vain, like terrors against Hope
 Or foes against Despair, where spears a path must ope.

II.

On, on it flew, o'er every barrier springing
 With mighty impulse and with headlong leaps,
 To where, the ceaseless hymn of Nature singing,
 Ocean's eternity of waters keeps
 Perpetual music, and the voice of deeps
 Calleth to deep; — the wild brook swept away
 To mingle with those tides where darkness sleeps
 Far down in their abysses, and a ray
 Entrance hath never found from the serene of day.

III.

And as the stream passed on, the dewy flowers
 That decked its marge their silky petals threw
 Upon its eddying waters, and the showers
 Of pattering rain, when gusts of autumn blew,
 Bade the tall trees their leaves by thousands strew
 Upon its heaving bosom — and the bank,
 Where with sharp turn the impetuous torrent flew
 In foamy eddies onward, piecemeal sank,
 Borne by the flood to fill the caves of ocean dank.

IV.

And ever and anon some goodly tree,
 By woodsman's axe subdued or slow decay,
 Swept by to ocean's broad eternity,
 Rolling and plunging on its foamy way,
 And spurning from its knotted limbs the spray
 E'en like a drowning giant; now a rock
 Grasping in vain its desperate course to stay —
 And now some root which rends before the shock,
 And now smooth bending reeds which all its efforts mock.

V.

In that swift brook I saw the flight of Time —
 Of Time which, like a tributary tide,
 Empties its waters into that sublime
 And mighty torrent which shall ever hide
 Its source in clouds and darkness — and the wide
 Extension of whose stream forbids all sense
 A limit to define on either side —
 A shoreless ocean wrapped in vapors dense —
 For ever to roll on — mysterious — dim — immense.

VI.

Time's stream flows into that eternity —
 Eternity its secret source supplies —
 And as its troubled billows swiftly flee,
 Passing Earth's shifting scenes and changeeful skies,
 It bears to that far ocean as its prize
 The dewy flowers of youth — the searer leaves
 Of manhood — and at times her agonies
 A dying nation o'er its current heaves,
 As, like the shattered tree, her wreck Time's flood receives.

VII.

The monument or pyramid that seemed
Ære perennius when it first arose —
 The castle-towers where War's red beacon beamed,
 Frowning defiance on a thousand foes —
 Have slowly crumbled to the noiseless blows
 Of Age's ceaseless hand — and one by one
 Have sunk beneath the tide that ever flows
 To bear them to Oblivion's chamber dun,
 E'en like the streamlet's bank, where eddying waters run.

VIII.

On hastes Time's current, with perpetual sweep,
 Spurning all interruption : — Strength may fling
 His rocky barriers in its torrent deep —
 Pleasure's bright flowers and rank weeds clustering
 May seek to check its progress. Fame may bring
 Her garlands to its eddies, and essay
 To plant them in the waters, till they spring
 Into far spreading palms — and Wealth may lay
 Broad dams of golden sand, its onward course to stay

IX.

All, all in vain : — in foamy letters traced
Labitur et labeter tells its tale,
 And man, borne downward by its ceaseless haste,
 May e'en outrun the current, for the gale
 Aids the descending voyager — but to sail
 Upward against the tide to none is given ; —
 The strongest anchor in that stream is frail,
 And none may pause — all, all are onward driven —
 Happy, whose compass points untreblingly to Heaven.

Dorchester, Mass.

J. H. C.

DRAMATIC FICTIONS.

' *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

HOR. A. P., 180.

It would be difficult, in the catalogue of human instincts, to put the finger upon one of stronger power or more universal prevalence, than the love of fiction ; or, more correctly expressed, perhaps, the love of *narrative*. Not an exotic, the seedling of a cultivated nursery, the product of a luxurious hot-bed, not the peculiar growth of this country, or of that zone, or of either hemisphere, can this hardy instinct be considered ; but a plant that springs up alike beside the lichen of Lapland, or under the bread-fruit of Tonga, indigenous in every climate, a native of the world.

When was the age, what the nation, that might claim exemption from its power ? How far back must we trace man's history, to find the time when national and domestic traditions ceased to exist, or failed to interest ? Whither must we travel in search of that nation, degraded even below curiosity, where the rude legend kindles not the eye, arrests not the breath, of the listener ? We must forget the fables and tragedies of Greece, the parables of Judea, the romances of chivalry, the mysteries and pageants of the dark ages, no less than the fashionable tales and modern novels of our own time, if we deny, that it always has been, as still it is, natural for mankind to

desire and delight in that which presents to their senses successive images of events, be they true or false, faithfully related, or fancifully imagined.

And Fancy wins the day against Truth. While her severer sister is besieging, by gradual approaches, the reason, Fancy has already enlisted the feelings, and subdued the soul. 'Give me but the writing of the national ballads' — so exclaimed the shrewdest statesman England ever saw — 'give me but the writing of the national ballads, and I care not who has the framing of the laws.'

Let us allow something for the point of the apothegm, and in substance it is not without truth. His power who legislates for the fancy, is greater than his who enacts statutes for the conduct; as much greater as the warm impulses of the heart are stronger than the cold dictates of the understanding.

'These things ought not so to be,' will some one say. They *are* so. More — in our day and generation at the least, they will be so. No man, not even he who so long regulated the lever that now-a-days decides the march of armies and the motions of the political world — not Rothschild himself exerted, during the last twenty years, as home-felt an influence over civilized Europe as did Walter Scott.

In the propensity, then, which lies at the root of the Great Novelist's sway, we recognise an instinct, powerful beyond law or statute, universal without limit of race or clime. It is injurious, illegitimate. Is it? The proof. It may be perverted. And what human instinct cannot? It *has been* notoriously perverted. True. A parent may as innocently permit his child to swallow an intoxicating draught of ardent spirits, as suffer its mind to be poisoned, and its nerves unstrung, by drinking in the panic terrors that breathe from Mrs. Radcliffe's foolishly-horrible pages.

But it is peculiarly liable to perversion. Perhaps it is. The sharpest tool inflicts the deepest wound; yet that is a poor argument in favor of using a dull one.

All this is aside from what, in this utilitarian age of ours, will be admitted as the main question. Is the medium of imaginative narration a legitimate, as it is a powerful, instrument in the formation of character?

Of the influence of Moral Fictions, it is not within my present purpose to speak. If it were, might I not safely challenge the production of a homily, or a code of maxims, or a set of moral precepts, to match, in influence, the noble lessons taught in 'Helen'? But I leave to others the task of inquiring whether Seneca or Maria Edgeworth has the more effectually acted on the morals of our age; and restrict myself at present to the inquiry, as it regards the historical branch of imaginative narration.

No one can, for a moment, so far misconceive what has been said, as to imagine that I purpose the absurd inquiry, whether authentic history can be beneficially superseded by apocryphal romance. All will perceive that the only debatable question is, whether fanciful narration may be safely and usefully admitted *in aid* of historical research.

What is the chief advantage to be derived from the study of history?

Assuredly not, a dry recollection of mere names and dates. We study, or ought to study history, as we study living man in the world around us. In history exists the whole by-gone world. By history, we live among our ancestors. By history, we come into contact with the mankind of former ages. By history, we travel among ancient nations, visit tribes long since extinct, and are introduced to manners that have yielded, centuries ago, to the innovating influence of time. Travel, society, show us men and things as they are; history shows us men and things as they have been. The one opens to us the past, as the other the present, world.

Grant, as methinks we must, that here is justly defined the province of history, and it follows directly, that that history is the most valuable, which the best supplies, for the past, what contact with society affords, for the present.

And what does contact with society afford us? A living, vivid picture of men and women, their sayings, their doings, their appearance, their manners; an intimate acquaintance with their thoughts, wishes, peculiarities, plans, objects of desire, modes of conduct. In a word, it places man before us, and we learn what he is.

Does Hume, does Gibbon, thus teach us, what men and women have been? Are we, even in their luminous pages, introduced, in verity, to the society of days that are past? They narrate to us many and valuable truths. They exhibit the great features of human progress. They expound to us difficult and important lessons. But do they tell us all? Do we enter the chamber, penetrate to the closet? Or are we not, rather, stopped in the ante-chamber, nay, on the very threshold of the entrance-door? They have faithfully and with infinite labor conducted us—they only could have done it—to the vestibule. But if we are to enter the ancient edifice, if we are to be introduced to its inhabitants, to watch their doings, to learn their manners, to read their hearts, to feel with them and for them, we must have a guide other than the scrupulous historiographer. Fancy, unaided, could never have found her way thither; but, once there, she alone is privileged to enter; and, once beyond the threshold, she is at home.

Whence have we derived our most lively and lasting impressions of chivalry and the feudal rule? From HALLAM or from WALTER SCOTT? Who that recollects his impressions, as he first turned over the pages of 'Ivanhoe,' and sat down in imagination, among the stalworth barons of the twelfth century, to witness the 'Gentle and Free Passage of Arms of Ashby-de-la-Zouche'—who, with such recollections fresh upon him, will hesitate a moment for the answer?

But the author of the 'Middle Ages,' is more trustworthy than the author of 'Ivanhoe.' Is he so? It follows not, as a matter of course, merely because the one is called a historian and the other a novelist. Both may be accurate, or both may be inaccurate. Which has the most thoroughly imbibed the genuine spirit of the olden time? That is the first question. And the second is, which has succeeded in conveying to us the more correct, ay, and the more vivid and attractive picture, of that which both seek to place before us?

The more attractive! There are those who will put in a demurrer

here. The more correct, that is well; but the more *attractive*! Ought not every thing that is true and useful to be attractive — is it not always attractive — to a justly-balanced mind? Even if it be, how many justly-balanced minds does this motley world contain? And is it certain that the most faithfully cultivated intellect will find the same interest in a cold and abstract dissertation, or a severe narrative of general facts, as in a picture that starts from the canvass, and speaks direct to the heart, glowing with the brightest colors of fanciful reality? Is it natural that it should?

Be this as it may, the world may be led, it cannot be driven. While it is a prostitution of talent to pander to men's prejudices, it is a waste of talent to disregard them. When the Grecian orator declared that manner was the first, the last, the sole requisite of his art, he uttered, with exaggerated extravagance indeed, a wholesome truth. To what purpose shall we speak, to those who will not listen; or write, for those who refuse to read? A book unread is but a bundle of waste paper; and he who publishes useful truths, or conveys moral lessons, in a form that shall attract thousands, justly merits the praise of tenfold success, compared to him who puts forth the same in a form that shall command the attention of hundreds only. If, through the attractive pages of 'Jacqueline of Holland,' ten persons have acquired a just idea of the feuds, so characteristic of these rude times, which, originating in a frivolous argument over a cup of wine, continued for more than a century to nourish the bitterest enmity, and kindle the deadliest wars, throughout the Low Countries — if ten persons are now acquainted with this, for one who would have learnt, from more sober history, even the names of the Hoëks and the Kabblejaws, has not Grattan rendered, in aid of history, a valuable service? And to those whom, as the world now is, the novelist only can reach.

The value of the service, it will be replied, depends upon the accuracy of the portraiture. Most true. And it is no easy task, and no small merit, to attain to this species of accuracy. The historian, often doubtless at expense of much labor and perplexity, must make himself master of facts. The Historical Novelist must do more. He must search the records of former times for something beyond mere narrative details; for the unrecorded spirit of the age. He must train his imagination to sojourn in the past, gradually to drink in the impressions that made men what we read that, centuries ago, they were; until the fancy becomes imbued — saturated — with the influences of other times and climes. Then only may the novelist or the dramatist proceed, safely and successfully, to summon before us, in attractive succession, images of the past. Without such preparation the literary Glendowers of the age may 'call spirits from the vasty deep' of the olden time for ever, and they will come not; or, if they come, it will be a dwarfish, a spurious, and a short-lived race. Such failures indicate the difficulty, not the inutility, of the attempt.

That which has been said applies, in one sense, with even greater force to the historical drama than to the romance. The one speaks to the ear, the other to the eye; the one is but the text to the painting, the other is the painting itself. The drama, then, with all the drawbacks incidental to its peculiar structure, is yet one step nearer to reality, than the novel.

And when the dramatist is fortunate enough to obtain the aid of some of the master-spirits of the stage, how important is that one step nearer! Nearer, shall we say? Who, when SIDMONS stood before him, the living type—more than Imagination's type—of the regal Catherine—what charmed spectator, when her searching tones startled the very depths of his soul, ever paused to remember, that it was not the Queen of England, but only the daughter of Roger Kemble who spoke? If the boards of old Drury had actually been Blackfriars Hall; if she who thus embodied every thing we ever dreamed of majesty, had, in truth, been the unfortunate consort of the fickle Henry; if the chariot wheels of Old Time, had, in very deed, been rolled back some three centuries, and the whole pageant, in its sad reality, been reenacted before our eyes—even then, should we have felt it more, in the actual review, than in the scenic representation? No. More than of any reality of common life, was, for the time, the effect, when Shakspeare and Siddons combined to enchain and enchant us.

Had the same prolific talents, which, in modern days, have enriched the sister department of literature, reached the dramatic branch—had we Scotts and Edgeworths of the stage—the benefit, as well as the power, of the histrionic art would to-day have been unquestioned. Its influences would have been confessed as important as they are fascinating. Invidious as commonplace is it, for him who enters the arena to speak slightly of his competitors: yet is the decline of the modern theatre, and the paucity of dramatic talent among us, a matter of complaint so notorious, that it were affectation to overlook the facts.

The best talents of our own country—talents that are gradually establishing for America a respectable literary rank among her elder sisters—have been diverted to other channels. The genius that sparkles from the 'Sketch Book,' and tinges with romance the adventures of Columbus—the skill that invests with living interest the humble doings of the rude Pioneer, and stirs the pulse and wins the tear for the fate of the 'Last of the Mohicans'—the graphic pen that charms us in 'Hope Leslie,' or that which domesticates us by the 'Dutchman's Fireside'—well may the lover of the drama regret that these and other kindred spirits should have passed by the neglected entrance, perchance shrunk from the technical trammels, of a department of literature, which, had they attempted, they could scarcely have failed to enrich.

So also, as a general rule, has it been in England. The dramas of BYRON and BAILLIE, indeed, are distinguished exceptions. Nor are others, on either side the Atlantic, wholly wanting. Yet, even while we admire the spirit and nature of 'Tell' or the 'Hunchback,' the bold vigor of the 'Gladiator,' the classic elegance of 'Ion,' and the deep pathos of 'Fazio,' we are reluctantly constrained to the confession, that these and a few other efforts worthy to be named beside them, cannot redeem from merited reproach or obscurity, the general character of the dramatic effusions of the age. Will the romanticists of the modern French school claim, for their drama, a reserving exception? If they do, can we admit their claim? On the score of talent, yes. On that of good taste or useful influence, alas, no! DUMAS and HUGO have an excuse for the extravagancies that dis-

figure and degrade their best productions. In avoiding the measured uniformity and dull formalities of the Aristotelian school, with its inviolable unities and its intolerable confidants, it might be natural enough that the pendulum should swing to the opposite extreme, and that the despotic monotony of the classicists should be superseded by the horrors and the license of their rivals. But the excuse does not alter the fact. It cannot render 'Lucrèce Borgia' a fitting heroine; it cannot legitimize the attempt to perpetuate the disgusting atrocities of the 'Tour de Nesle;' it cannot make 'La Reine d'Espagne' decent or tolerable. These *nightmares of the stage*, as Hugo himself very ingenuously calls them, will fade away—it is fitting they should—with the morning light of sober judgment. Or if, in the libraries of our children, they still find a place, it will be on some dusty shelf, beside the 'Castle Spectre' or the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.'

A more legitimate exception, perhaps, might be made in favor of the German drama. A large proportion of Germany's voluminous authors have occasionally written for the stage. Even her Milton himself, the elaborately enthusiastic Klopstock, has, after his own antique fashion, deigned to woo Melpomene. The same giant intellect which, in later years, rioted in 'Faust,' devoted one of its earliest efforts also to the drama, producing 'Goëtz of Berlichingen;' a play of no little merit, though indifferently adapted for representation. And, Shakspeare out of the question, it might be no easy task to match some of the happier creations of SCHILLER's dramatic fancy: take, for example, the beautiful conception of Tekla's character in his 'Wallenstein.'

Yet, withal, it will hardly suffer denial, that the proportion of modern literary talent which has flowed in the dramatic channel, is small, compared to that which has taken other directions; and small indeed, compared to the importance of the art, and its neglected capabilities of affording instruction and delight. Now that the tale, the novel, the romance, have been elevated to a rank which, in former days, belonged to graver efforts only, and that distinction in that line is a hopeless reward, except for talents of the highest order, may we not hope for a corresponding improvement in a department nobler and worthier still? When that improvement comes, small need will there be to challenge, for the dramatic art, a rank which even Shakspeare's powers of enchantment have proved insufficient with many fully to secure for it; a rank as an art not fascinating only but useful; an art, that shall improve the affections as well as gratify the imagination; a Promethean art, that shall breathe life into the unimpassioned marble of history, and upon the cold beauty of the moral code; an art practically philosophical, that shall exhibit what it desires to explain; that shall place the past before our eyes, and cause us to know it; that shall embody virtue to our senses, and cause us to love it; an art, that, like a pure soul in a fair form, shall win while it teaches, and convince the understanding by first mastering the heart: an art, in fine, in accordance with the genius of the times—with that mild spirit of modern reform, which strives not, as our headstrong ancestors used, to dam up the passions and propensities of youth, until, like the arrested torrent of some Alpine valley,

the gathering stream outburst its ruptured barrier, carrying devastation in its path ; but rather seeks gently to guide the mountain torrent through field and meadow, so that it shall scatter verdure and freshness over the very scenes it once covered with desolating inundation.

C O N S C I E N C E .

'Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.'

SHAKSPEARE.

UNPIYING AVENGER ! thy still voice
Breaks through Fame's clarion, mars the bacchant song,
And like a death-knell frights the ear of joy.
By thy transmuting magic, the green earth,
Tricked out in smiles, may seem a charnel-house,
And Nature, on her sunniest holiday,
A withered witch, dark, loathsome, and defiled.
All things that live — yea, even the air-borne clouds —
Taking wild shapes to fancy's startled eye,
Become full oft thy torturing ministers.
And then in visions, when the goaded soul
Outwearied with the toil of agony,
Hoped for oblivion, thou re-peoplest space
With the fierce spectres of unpardoned crimes.

Oh, Conscience ! thou exacting creditor —
Whom misery cannot pay, who dost record
Each day some item added to the debt,
Which, if uncanceled here, thou wilt demand,
With cry unceasing, in eternity —
What shall appease thee ? What sweet sacrifice
Shall I, dread Mystery ! on thine altar lay,
That will propitiate ? What mighty bribe
Will buy thy silence ? What blessed antidote
Will neutralize the poison of thy curse ?
Even now methinks I hear thy chastening voice
Thus answering me : ' Bold sinner ! dar'st thou then
Arraign thy guide, thy monitor, thy shield ?
Know I am thine accuser, not in wrath
But in the tenderest mercy. Lo ! I smite
But to arouse thee, ere the mighty judge,
Whose servant and ambassador I am,
Shall summon thee to stand before that bar
Where as I witness thou art lost or saved.
Thou callest me ' exacting creditor ;'
Wouldst bribe me ? Lo ! I ask repentant tears !
Wouldst make an offering ? Lay a contrite heart
Upon God's altar, and the Merciful
Will make thee heir of an eternity
Illumined by the sunlight of his smile.
Or askest thou an antidote, whose balm
No poison can pollute, nor time destroy ?
Take thou the Gospel — fortify thy soul
With its pure precepts ; for thy friend and guide,
Take HIM, the mirror of whose excellence,
The record of whose priceless love, shines there ;
So shall His arm uphold thee in that day,
When from the wreck of a dismembered world
The dust of all humanity shall rise.

February, 1837.

B.

WILSON CONWORTH.

CHAPTER IX.

'To me there seems a religion in love, and its very foundation is in faith.' — MADELINE.

AFTER my return home, as mentioned in my last chapter, I remained at my father's house for a few days, when another tutor was provided for me, in the most delightful section of the country, and better than all, within walking distance of my dear cousin. I had not, during all this time, lost sight, in my mind's eye, of my Catholic relation. She was always in my dreams. If I stood by a lake or running water—if I stood beneath the shade of a tree—if I was upon a mountain, or in a deep valley, or in lonely places, which induce the mind to indulge in trains of poetic musing and pensive thought, at such times, I thought of my dear cousin. Her image was reflected from the clear water; her voice sounded in the breeze; the shade played out her form; and on the mountain, I was nearer to heaven and to her.

Who does not know that one's loves are stronger at some times than at others? To the most fervent heart, there are seasons of relapse and indifference. The eye looks upon a trafficking world, and forgets, in a momentary disgust, that there are any bright and sacred temples of feeling amid the degraded throng. In seasons of want and uncertainty, when weighed down with bitter poverty, or biting ills, we may turn our eyes in despair for some resting-place for the sick soul; but love comes not then in its appropriate garb. It is then the medicine; but in prosperity—in moderate yet calm periods of life, when we can feel that our livelihood is provided for—how placidly and luxuriously the heart gives itself up to the delights of domestic affection, and reposes in the confidence of friendship!

In my new abode, I was happy. I was surrounded by comparative refinement. There was nothing to disgust my taste, if I had not that which could elevate my character. The family I resided in, were well educated. They lived in handsome country style. We had music, and paintings, and books, and flower-gardens, and a neat tea-table, and agreeable chat.

But I did not study here. Day after day I resolved to begin. One week broken, I would resolve upon the next, and each day saw me dwindling away my time in fruitless efforts to do something. I knew all the while that I was wrong, and felt it keenly. I knew the right, but I had no habits of study. The fault might be traced to my early education, where I was taught words and not ideas. The foundation of my character was weak, and my whole being yielded to the slightest temptation.

Certainly the old poets were wiser than the moderns, for when will it not be true to say:

'All promise is poor dilatory man.'

He,

'In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves—then dies the same.'

I read a great deal more here than at any time before ; but it was principally at night, and during hours which I should have devoted to sleep ; for in the day time, I was restless and nervous in consequence, and unfit for any thing but moping about. I read works of feverish interest, and used to get worked up into such an excited state of mind, that my cries alarmed the family. My tutor at times thought me partially deranged.

I was accustomed to spend whole nights upon the banks of the lake, which was distant from the house only a quarter of a mile. Frequently I obtained permission—for here I was under the appearance of authority—to visit my cousin, about two hours' walk from the house ; yet I did not go there often, but employed my leave of absence in wandering about the fields, in sight of the house where she lived. I shrunk from exposing the secret feelings of my heart by my conduct. When in her presence, I was always respectful and rational ; there was a subdued earnestness in my manner, which I am now conscious that she, with the nice tact of her sex, fathomed. She must have known that I loved her, and I believe she was, to say the least, rather interested in me. Who can be insensible to affection ?

I was called a wild, dissipated young man. Nobody ever expected I would make any thing worth having ; and so mothers did not court me for their daughters. But in the house of my cousin, I always received a kind welcome. The whole family treated me as if I was worthy of something good, but it was the hospitality of open-hearted people, who feel above suspecting or being suspected, and not the calculating kindness of the selfish and low-lived. Nevertheless, I rarely went there. I trembled when I did go. My heart beat loudly as I approached the house ; my knock was hesitating ; my manner flustered.

My cousin was so much older than I, that with the greatest coolness imaginable, she used to take it upon herself to amuse me, and show me the garden, and pluck a choice flower for me, and see that I had sugar enough in my tea. I was a little, short, fellow, but upon such occasions, I confess, I blushed more for my dignity than my love. We used to sit, during the warm summer afternoons, in an arbor situated in the midst of a highly cultivated garden, with a fountain playing up in the centre. I used to think of the garden of Eden, and I do indeed doubt whether Adam ever enjoyed more in his paradise than I did in the fountain-arbor.

I had some enthusiasm, and she loved to excite it. Deeply read herself, and elegantly educated, she could sport with my crude and irregular reading, and she had all the advantage of comparing her tastes with nature, in me. We had music, too, and of that I was passionately fond, by inheritance. I cannot at this day describe what we said, but I only know that it was bliss to me to be near her—to look in her dark, full eye, and the expressiveness of her whole person. Sometimes, we wandered about the grounds, among the hay-makers, and gave scope to the full glee of youth—free and open in all our feelings, and unconscious of our actions. How I was fascinated, as I gazed upon the grace, the beauty, heightened by exercise and excitement, the unstudied elegance of her movements !

But generally I was very reserved, unless taken by surprise, and hurried, by some such amusement, out of my diffidence. I remember that it used to wound my pride, to observe that my cousin could be so assured, and easy in her address to me. She would reach out her hand to me with a frankness that told me it did not contain her heart, but only her good wishes. Women do not give their hearts, their affections, those thoughts and emotions they have kept as a hidden treasure, since the commencement of their girlhood, without a trembling fear — an indefinite mistrust — that the receiver will not value the gift according to its estimate in their own minds.

After an afternoon spent with her, at early evening I used to set out for home. I always pretended to leave them in haste, for fear of being late; but many is the night I have stood concealed near the house, to catch glimpses of her figure — to hear, perhaps, the tones of her voice — her joyous laugh, or her affectionate caresses of her younger sisters. There was an excitement about this, that gratified me. I sought to create difficulties. It was necessary to my idea or scheme of love, that 'the course of true love never should run smooth.' I could not have felt any sympathy for the loves of another, which were prosperous; I could not have been interested in my own easy conquests.

Returning home at night from these visits, I lingered along the banks of the lake; I plunged into the deep groves. I wished to find solitude, lonely and untrodden places, where I could sigh unrestrained and unwitnessed, and give vent to the pent-up ecstasies of my soul. It was a boyish romance, but it was not silly. It was too serious to be trite; too influential upon my life, to be called ridiculous.

I have registered these feelings, to show into what a vein of thought and conduct a young man may be led, by cultivating exclusively the imaginative powers — by reading fiction alone. He is mad, to all intents and purposes. The great objects of existence, the good of society, his eternal interests, sink into insignificance before the one great idol his fancy rears. He is absorbed. All the channels of the soul are made to run in different directions, and to nourish various designs of duty; are turned by disease into one great river that sweeps through the moral nature, and bears down with it all hopes of usefulness. Such is passion.

My remaining term of suspension passed on in this manner. How I got reinstated in college, with my class, I am unable to say. I was received through some influence or other, with the proviso that I should pay some attention to certain studies during the approaching long vacation.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN I returned, my class-mates hardly knew me, nor I them. We had all changed materially in our habits and feelings. New lights of genius had sprung into notice; old ones had gone out, or were eclipsed. We had all grown, both in mind and body.

It was now the junior year, and the character of the man, the permanent character, began to show itself. The effects of different

courses of study began to be apparent. The young men who had attended well to the lessons, but read much beside, shone out with unexpected brilliancy in philosophy, logic, and composition, while the students of Greek, and Latin, and Mathematics, alone, fell back in reputation with the class, if not in rank with the government. Young men who had studied for rank, had it; but they who had studied for knowledge, and taste, and for intellectual rank, had it, and evinced it.

A false criterion is created at college, during the first two years, by the studies of those terms. Latin, Greek, and the Mathematics, are the only pursuits, and the rank one takes depends more upon the school where he may have been fitted, than upon the general strength of his mind. A mere piece of machinery may be made a good Latin scholar; and by dint of digging and spending six hours upon a lesson, a very clownish mind may appear respectably in the recitation-room, in construing and parsing. I hardly know how this criterion may be avoided; but in the giving out of parts for exhibition, a very superior writer and general scholar sometimes finds himself playing second to his inferior in all things, except Greek verbs and geometrical theorems.

I had formed a character, too; but it was one not likely to be known by college boys. I was the slave of my feelings and my impulses. I could write a better love-letter than forensic theme. I did indeed possess a delicacy of sentiment, which shrunk from display. I was diffident and retiring, from the very knowledge I possessed, that I was placed by my class below my proper standard. But when my spirits were excited, they ran away with me. I then became the boldest of all. A load was removed from my heart. I no longer felt the degradation of being no scholar. My pride was asleep, and in the reaction of depressed feeling, I rushed headlong into any scheme that offered amusement or dissipation. Then came the reaction of over excitement — the ‘fullness of satiety’ — and I relapsed into an unhappy, good-for-nothing idler. I felt possessed of capacity, but I did not know where to begin to exert it. I had no adviser. Good students avoided me, as an unprofitable companion, and the professedly dissipated and vile did not like my half-way course — my balancing between good and ill; so that I was lonely, conscience-stricken, restless, and miserable.

At home, I enjoyed some happy hours, for there I had a sister for whom I felt the strongest affection, and by whom — if acts speak any truth — I was equally beloved. I told her all my difficulties, and she probably knew how inadvertent were my errors, for she never spoke to me in other than kind and endearing words. But she was a woman, and could only soothe. She could not advise.

My father, during all this time, supposed every thing was fair. He still had hopes. He saw me reinstated in my class, and promised himself much from my ripening years. He saw that I had faults; he must have seen it; but then he attributed them to the usual folly and thoughtlessness of youth. He saw others in the same way. He did not know how deeply the bonds of idleness, and frivolity, and irresolution, were fastened upon me. Fortunately for him, the future was wrapped in darkness.

How can I ever repay the affectionate solicitude of this sister! — her deprivations for my sake! I believe she would have sacrificed her life for me. She was near my own age — two years the eldest. She had been left a motherless child. We had known only a few years of the tenderness and care of a mother. Left to herself, she had, by the merest chance in the world, formed for herself a strong and noble character. She was worthy of being a pattern for American women.

While quite young, she was sent to the best boarding schools. There she got little save a smattering of French, and a taste for drawing, and a love of romping. In due time, she was brought out, as all young ladies are, more on account of their size, than their age or accomplishments. That is, she was invited into company, and behaved herself very modestly. She thought it pretty to hang her head, and blush, and lisp her words, and appear the mildest, tamest creature in the world; though I can aver that she was hoydenish to a fault, and loved our sports quite as well as we did. She would chase us boys round the house, if we offended her, and fight her own battles — running up the front stairs, down the back stairs, through the parlor and library — and we could only escape her by running into the street. She soon, however, got rid of all this romping spirit, and settled down into a very naturally-conducted miss. She took to reading Miss Edgeworth, and Hannah More, and Mrs. Chapone's and Gregory's letters — and the effect was most salutary. She seemed to view her life in a new light; and without pretending to be very good, and very prudish, or vastly proper, she really was the most generous and high-minded girl I ever knew. Every body loved her. She never had an enemy, and she never will have; for she is now in heaven, with her mother, and one of her sisters.

She was an instance how much beauty depends upon expression. Her features were large, her figure rather *embonpoint*, her teeth indifferent, her hair light, but luxuriant. She was quite an ordinary-looking girl, when at home, in a state of quiescence, as ladies are apt to be in America — sewing, or reading, or drawing; but when in society she loved, or witnessing an interesting tragedy, meeting dear friends, after a long absence, she was positively the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Her eye would light up with vivid brightness; her figure assume the most graceful and speaking expression; her smile was enchanting, and her whole heart was in her voice, and action, and look. She was much admired, but mostly by those who knew her the best.

I have said a good deal about this sister, because I wish to pay a tribute to her excellence — for her affection was my greatest consolation, and it is now. I love to look back upon that enduring regard, that unalienable interest, we felt for each other. How often has her persuasion saved me from error! How much do I owe to her constructions of my conduct with the family, with my father! She was ever at hand to allay bitterness, to cherish kindness, and remove all obstacles to a reconciliation. When in pecuniary difficulty, she has often relieved me, from her own purse. I owe her much in all respects. She has tended me in sickness, soothed me in distress, sat with me whole nights of agony, when my nerves were excited

almost to madness ; and, best of all, she exerted all her powers to keep alive in my heart my early religious impressions.

She married — she left her home — her husband removed to one of the West India islands. She followed him, without repining, to a strange land, because his interest was concerned in the step. She left splendor, luxury, fashion, and the dearest circle of friends, who doated on her, and became a wife to a poor man. Among numerous offers, she chose him who she thought loved her the best. She prized affection more than wealth, and the devotion of her husband more than the devotion of the world. While she lived, she was amply repaid for her choice. She was a happy, trusting wife. Love was to her the end of existence. The same depth of affection which was bestowed upon a careless and useless brother, found a more worthy object in an honorable husband.

But God did not spare her long to her friends. She died — and her husband and child died with her, during the ravages of the yellow fever. But she died happy. In a letter which I received from her, mentioning the death of many of her acquaintance, she says of herself : ‘ I do not fear death for myself, but I fear lest my dear infant be taken from me ; if we could all die together, I should be willing to die to-day.’ A short time after this, she died, having first laid her husband and child in the tomb.

I only remained at college, after my return, for a few months. The extra studies I was required to make up during the vacation, were entirely neglected. I returned after the vacation, and being examined, was found wanting. It was deliberated whether to send me away, or to give me an opportunity to make up my deficiency in term time. The latter course was determined on. I was required to remain in town, and to recite every day at a fixed hour. We were accustomed to visit our parents, frequently, during term-time, but this privilege was denied me, under the penalty of dismission, should I leave the college-bounds, on any pretext.

The very day after the usual time for my visiting home, my father came out, and inquired the cause of my absence. I pleaded sickness, and still kept away. He came again, and I told him the truth — that I was restrained within the bounds as a punishment. He felt for me — consoled me, encouraged me — came out to see me twice as often as before. My mother and sisters sent me presents, and wrote by every opportunity — for they thought I suffered very much. Time wore away, and I felt happy enough, for I had done my duty ; I had, upon compulsion, been more than studious.

The period of my release was at hand. The very day before the last of my confinement, my father came out to see me, and promised himself much pleasure from having me at his table once more. I was yet the hope of the family. He gave me some money, and said he intended to invite some friends to meet me. He seemed overjoyed ; but by mistaken indulgence, my disgrace was accelerated.

The very evening after he had left me, and supplied me with money — the evening of my last recitation — I was solicited, more urgently than usual, to go upon a party of pleasure. Horses were all provided. It was to be a delightful jaunt through the country, to try the speed of some favorite horses. We were to rendezvous at

a tavern, where we were sure of good cheer, and have a band of music for a water-excursion by moonlight, in the evening; and it was stipulated to be at home for morning prayers. Every thing conspired against me. My near release made me already feel the gush of liberty. The kindness of my father, the anticipations of meeting my brothers and sisters, once more round the paternal board, made me almost crazy with excitement. I was in no situation to act thoughtfully. I joined the party in their ride, and we did go out of town.

I drove a fleet horse that day; and I well remember the sensation of liberty — the reaction of a long, tedious, studious retirement from any thing like pleasure — that thrilled through me, as we wheeled along the smooth road. We seemed on wings.

During the ride, some accident happened to one of the horses. He got frightened and ran away, and ran over a child. It was well known that we were L — students. An investigation took place; we were reported to the government. My absence from recitation was suspicious. The whole matter was brought to light; and instead of going home, to gladden my family, I carried home a bill of expulsion.

My misfortune — my agony — made me calm. I walked into the house with a ghastly face and the cold shiver of despair. No one rose to meet me, for my appearance told that I was the bearer of disgrace. I handed the letter of the president to my father, and sinking into a chair, covered my face with my hands.

What words can describe the agony of a father's heart, when, after forgiving, alluring, encouraging, and bribing — after all human means have been tried for an imprudent son — I cannot call myself by a worse name — and just as he thinks he sees the object of his wishes accomplished, suddenly finds the very anchor of his hopes torn away, and sees, in all its nakedness, the utter worthlessness of his favorite child?

He knew not the aggravating circumstances. He did not think of them. He only saw the result. That was enough for him. He knew nothing of my disposition. He saw me affectionate, and kind, and respectful one day, and the next subjected to the severest censures, which proved me base, and unworthy of his confidence. He was staggered, lost, bewildered. He said not a word to me for a week — took no more notice of me than if I had been a block. I was suffered to remain under the paternal roof, and this was all that convinced me that I had not lost, irremediably, the affection of my father.

CHAPTER XI.

I WAS now perfectly regular in my hours, and as studious in my habits as any one could wish. Very soon, my father began to speak to me — to be cheerful in my presence. Then he spoke to me of my intentions. I wished to study law, and my name was entered in the best office in the city.

The hopes of a father never weary, as long as youth remains. I was reinstated in his good opinion; indulgences flowed in upon me;

and I forgot that I had ever done wrong, and began to look upon myself as quite a good young man. My relations and friends all seemed agreed to forget this disgrace, and I found myself moving about in society quite a tolerated personage.

My father was rich. I was to be a lawyer. What mother wanted more? 'He must be invited,' said Mrs. C. I *was* invited — flirted with the young ladies — mounted whiskers — kept a horse and gig — played billiards — had a season ticket at the theatre — went to all public dinners, and spent the morning in walking the streets, to look for my female acquaintance, and to show my grace at a bow.

This was delightful. My conscience was at rest. I had been at college, and got out. Nobody inquired how. I was well received in good society. I had thrown off the boy, and his nice delicacy of feeling. It was unfashionable to have fine feelings. I tried to be a 'man about town,' with some success. I became philosophic — read Rousseau and Hume — all the new novels and many old ones; was a member of a literary club, and took the reviews, and skimmed the magazines; spoke of painting, and went to the picture gallery.

But why should I relate all the vapid employments of a young uneducated man to kill time; who, with more reputation than he could carry out, was obliged to resort to all kinds of subterfuges? I was now nineteen years of age.

I carried on this life for a year or more. I was too well satisfied with myself, to think much what my reputation was with others. A sufficient portion of time was spent at the office, to give me the name of a student at law. I did try to read Blackstone, and *did* get through the first volume; but I could not have told a principle contained in it. I did not know how to study. Here, too, my father seemed satisfied, for my conduct was apparently correct, at home, and he was too much engaged in his own concerns, to think much of mine. He took it for granted that now, at last, I must be doing well. My allowance was liberal for pocket money, travelling expenses, and dress. I wanted nothing to make me a 'man,' except the disposition in my own heart.

Common pleasures began to pall upon my taste. I craved excitement. My love for my cousin was not extinguished, but I had become old enough to see the folly of indulging it. True, I never thought of her, I never can think of her, but with the purest feeling. Though still unmarried, and at an age when the charms that deck the maiden's cheek begin to fade, she is still lovely to me; she is still a girl — and when I chance to meet her now, she is to me the sweet companion of my walks and roamings about her delightful home. She is still the object of that ideal perfection in the shape of woman, which every young man frames for himself — the point about which his thoughts fasten, of what he would love — of what he wishes — of what he sighs and prays to possess.

Yes! excitement I craved. How many a one sells his soul for mirth and wild joy! — sells his reputation — barter his honor — his paternal honor, and blots the fair escutcheon of his family, for excitement! It tends to honorable enterprises, and it assumes all the forms of worldly affairs, under various modifications, but it is base, too. It sends the poor to the dram-shop, and the heir to the gam-

bling house, who is the greatest fool of all ; for with enough, or more than he can spend in the greatest profusion, he puts it in the power of fortune to ruin him, to make him a beggar. Or if he gains, he but adds to superfluous wealth. What is gambling, in such cases, but love of excitement ? It is like the man who tries how far he can stretch himself over a precipice without falling.

Love of excitement ! it is the cause of vice in the young ; for how distasteful and disgusting is gross dissipation to the novice ! The example of others, a desire to be thought spirited, and off-hand, lead him into it, at first, and afterward he pursues as a good and an alleviation what he rejected as vile and unworthy. This life is nameless. Who can define it ? Who can explain it ? Who can trace the steps to it ? Once in, never out. The only pleasure is an unevenness of pain. We do not suffer so much to-day as yesterday, and we are happy, by comparison. But see the morning hours of your dissipated, worthless youth. The pure air, the bright sky, the bustling world, about him, seem but to mock his misery. He feels contemptible. He sits perhaps amidst a medicine-shop for his body, to frame some employment for the day ; some scheme of vulgarity, some contrivance of vice, and all this perhaps as only an alleviation from pain. Embarked in his course, he appears, to the world, as intent upon some object of worthy interest ; and he passes his acquaintance with the well-bred smile and bow of a happy heart. We envy him, so gay, so earnest is he — so much spirit, and life, and gayety — such openness and generosity.

Who, I say, can describe the actors in these scenes, but the actors themselves ? They who play the parts, know themselves wretched men. They have no hope. Life to them has no honorable ambitions. They know they will soon die, and they keep up the farce to cheat themselves of the dreadful consciousness of what they are.

‘ But what was the effect of this indulgence, this love of excitement, in you ? ’ the reader asks. It led me into mad scenes of dissipation. It exhausted my moral feelings, and made me fit for any scene of gross debauchery. And then I awoke, when weary nature failed, to a full and stinging sense of my degradation. Thoughts, scorpion-winged, crowded upon me, and an over-wrought fancy supplied the horrors that made my sick couch a hell.

I sometimes left my father’s house for weeks. I lived with a set. We supported and gave countenance to each other. We braved public opinion. A man cannot be dissipated in America, and hold his rank in society ; there is too nice a moral standard. Society is too pure. The habits of the American people are too common-sense, to allow any tinsel or gaudy veil to make-believe hide the deformities of vice, and to offer an apology for our acquaintance and friends for clinging to us. Splendid talents will not shield the man who is morally delinquent ; nor family connections ; nor even wealth, that mantle of oblivion for almost every sin, in other countries. The man or the woman, it matters not which, who offends the high principles of morality, is lost to society. Such are never received with confidence by respectable classes in society. They may have their

set; they may in some cases, by reformation, be tolerated; but they are stamped, and, Cain-like, they walk the earth. This strictness applies even to young and unmarried men, in that season of life when some liberty and some charity is usually bestowed upon the habitual thoughtlessness of youth. Rank, accidental rank, is the curse of society in Europe. A man is of no consequence in himself; it is his title which pleases. No matter what he is in '*propria persona*,' whether a gambler, a rake, or a swindler; if he have a title, his reception is never questioned. Men, on this account, are not put to the cultivation of their dispositions and habits for goodness. This is all a chance growth. He has nothing to gain, except in his own feelings; and he follows the bent of his accidental impulses, which may be bad or may be good, satisfied that he cannot lose.

In an ignorant age, when books were rare, we can see the effects of this more plainly. The nobles were the tyrants, and the most abandoned and vicious part of the population; while virtue was found in the shade, in the quiet hamlet and lonely cottage. Domestic love, conjugal fidelity, paternal care, and fraternal affection, gladdened the humble hearth-stone of the laboring poor; while the castle and palace were the scenes of dark intrigue and secret murder. Father and son were at war. Brother fought with brother. Incest, debauchery, and rapine, were the vices of rulers, while morality and religion clothed the oppressed subject.

Now, literature is so much a fashion, and good books are so common in England, and every where else, and a few great examples are so conspicuous, that the higher classes have become more morally refined by the improvements of the age meeting their leisure and superior opportunities. But still, what gross laxity of morals do we hear of in Europe! What should we think in our country of a man who, with a grown-up family of daughters, should keep a mistress, and be seen with her in open day? Where can domestic affection be, in such a case? What will probably be the principles of his children? How can he advise his sons? How can he protect his daughters? And yet, after all, this man is honored, and is the bosom-confidant, it may be, of the very king himself.

It is enough to say, that I fell under the disrepute of the world. I lost my place in society. Mothers no longer cast inquiring eyes upon me. Smiles were more polite, and less cordial. My opinions were not disputed, but suffered to die unargued, like the first worked-up-to-the-point remark of a large overgrown boy at a dinner table, among old and experienced diners-out. As much as to say, in the latter case: 'Young Sir, you are no judge of wine, or mutton,' and in my case: 'Sir, you are no match for my daughters, and you are fast sinking into nobody.'

To a man bad by system, this would have been nothing. He would, in his theory of conduct, have been prepared for slights and cuts; but to me it was galling in the extreme, and sometimes drove me to desperation. For I was not bad at heart — so all my friends said — and I believed and still believe them. I always wished to do right. My errors pained me more than any one else. 'Why not correct them, then?' says the reader. My dear friend — *habit*, HABIT did

my business — education, want of energy, consequent upon a life of impulse. Did you ever try to correct a foible? Answer me, and then your own question will be answered.

I loved the pure, the good, the honorable; I had aspirations after excellence; but the fault lay deeply imbedded in my character. I had been carried along in a current all my life, that tended I knew not whither — where I never thought, until I found myself without friends, and a marked man.

A M O T H E R ' S J O Y .

'Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye,
That still sought mine.'

MRS. HEMANS.

To CLASP the treasure to her breast,
With low yet fervent prayer,
Or hush it to its breathing rest,
With some half-uttered air;
To deck its young and fragile form,
Give food that may not cloy,
Or woo from it sweet kisses warm —
This is a mother's joy.

To guide its steps with patient hand,
And quell its childish fears,
Or cheer it, with her soothing bland,
When laughter yields to tears;
And often through the sleepless night,
To gaze upon her boy,
And catch his smile with early light —
This is a mother's joy.

To count, among the youthful train,
Her own, the fairest flower;
And though her efforts seem half vain,
Ne'er yield instruction's hour;
To blend with sad rebuke the tone
Of love without alloy:
Or hoard, as gold, mind's jewels strown —
This is a mother's joy.

And when its tender frame doth prove
By strange, quick pain distress'd;
When its appealing look doth rove,
O'er all her face perplex'd;
To seek the weak, scarce-breath'd request,
The bitter draught decoy,
And feel each change is for the best —
This is a mother's joy.

A mother's joy! yet, who can find
The source of its pure spring;
Deep, deep, within the heart enshrin'd,
It lives, a deathless thing:
A rich elixir, clear and free,
'Tis drank, but never spent,
And proves, what 't was designed to be,
Her spirit's element.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part One. pp. 228. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE had barely leisure and space to announce the publication of this delightful volume in our number for May; and we propose now rather to indicate the great interest of the work by extracts from its pages, than by extended comments upon them. Aside from the autobiographical fragment, from the pen of the great novelist himself, for the absence of which nothing could have atoned, Mr. Lockhart, by the relation which he bore to the illustrious subject of his labors, has been enabled to bring together a mass of facts and incidents of the most interesting description, by which the reader is made thoroughly acquainted with the boy and the man, the poet and the novelist. Indeed, we think the writer 'shines unrivalled in the gay Memoir.' He has avoided the too common error of biographers, and made no excursions into ideal realms, to fortify his deductions in relation to the character or habits of the man whose life he is depicting; and with a style the farthest possibly removed from the manufactured, he unites attractiveness of theme with grace and ease of manner, to a remarkable degree.

We commence our extracts with some passages from the autobiography. The writer is now at the Edinburgh High School:

"In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, etc. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, beside that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty: 'No, sir,' an-

swered the old Borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Borderraid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it.

"I left the High School, therefore, with a great quantity of general information, ill arranged indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be well imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing, and some private book-shelves, were open to my random perusal, and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it."

Scott says elsewhere, in an account of certain literary societies in Edinburgh, of which he was a member:

"In the business of these societies—for I was a member of more than one successively—I cannot boast of having made any great figure. I never was a good speaker unless upon some subject which strongly animated my feelings; and, as I was totally unaccustomed to composition, as well as to the art of generalizing my ideas upon any subject, my literary essays were but very poor work. I never attempted them unless when compelled to do so by the regulations of the society, and then I was like the Lord of Castle Rackrent, who was obliged to cut down a tree to get a few faggots to boil the kettle; for the quantity of ponderous and miscellaneous knowledge which I really possessed on many subjects, was not easily condensed, or brought to bear upon the object I wished particularly to become master of. Yet there occurred opportunities when this odd lumber of my brain, especially that which was connected with the recondite parts of history, did me, as Hamlet says, 'yeoman's service.' My memory of events was like one of the large, old-fashioned stone-cannons of the Turks—very difficult to load well and discharge, but making a powerful effect when by good chance any object did come within range of its shot. Such fortunate opportunities of exploding with effect maintained my literary character among my companions, with whom I soon met with great indulgence and regard."

The following anecdotes are taken from Mr. Lockhart's addenda to Scott's account of his early school-days:

"He speaks of himself as occasionally 'glancing like a meteor from the bottom to the top of the form.' His school-fellow, Mr. Claud Russell, remembers that he once made a great leap in consequence of the stupidity of some laggard on what is called the *dull's* (dolt's) bench, who being asked on boggling at *cum*, 'what part of speech is *with*?' answered 'a substantive.' The rector, after a moment's pause, thought it worth while to ask his *dux*, 'Is *with* ever a substantive?' but all were silent until the query reached Scott, then near the bottom of the class, who instantly responded by quoting a verse of the book of Judges: 'And Sampson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man.' Another upward movement, accomplished in a less laudable manner, but still one strikingly illustrative of his ingenious resources, I am enabled to preserve through the kindness of a brother poet and esteemed friend, to whom Sir Walter himself communicated it in the melancholy twilight of his bright day.

"Mr. Rogers says: 'Sitting one day alone with him in your house, in the Regent's Park—it was the day but one before he left it to embark at Portsmouth for Malta)—I led him, among other things, to tell me once again a story of him-

self, which he had formerly told me, and which I had often wished to recover. When I returned home, I wrote it down as nearly as I could, in his own words: and here they are. The subject is an achievement worthy of Ulysses himself, and such as many of his school-fellows could, no doubt, have related of him; but I fear I have done it no justice, though the story is so very characteristic that it should not be lost. The inimitable manner in which he told it—the glance of the eye, the turn of the head, and the light that played over his faded features as, one by one, the circumstances came back to him, accompanied by a thousand boyish feelings, that had slept perhaps for years—there is no language, not even his own, could convey to you; but you can supply them. Would that others could do so, who had not the good fortune to know him!—The memorandum (Friday, October 21, 1831) is as follows:

“There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would: till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking.”

Since we cannot find room for that portion of the autobiography which treats of Scott's apprenticeship, in the law office of his father, we give the following, from his biographer, with the hope that it will not be lost upon the humblest literary aspirant, who may feel his intellectual nature depressed by the force of circumstances:

“That he entered with ready zeal into such professional business as inferred Highland expeditions with comrades who had known Rob Roy, no one will think strange; but more than one of his biographers allege, that in the ordinary in-door fragging of the chamber in George's Square, he was always an unwilling, and rarely an efficient assistant. Their addition that he often played chess with one of his companions in the office, and had to conceal the board with precipitation when the old gentleman's footsteps were heard on the staircase, is, I do not doubt, true; and we may remember along with it his own insinuation that his father was sometimes poring in his secret nook over Spottiswoode or Wodrow when his apprentices supposed him to be deep in Dirleton's Doubts, or Stair's Decisions. But the Memoir of 1808, so candid—indeed, more than candid—as to many juvenile irregularities, contains no confession that supports the broad assertion to which I have alluded; nor can I easily believe, that with his affection for his father, and that sense of duty which seems to have been inherent in his character, and lastly, with the evidence of a most severe training in industry which the habits of his after-life presented, it is at all deserving of serious acceptance. His mere handwriting, indeed, continued, during the whole of his prime, to afford most striking and irresistible proof how completely he must have submitted himself for some very considerable period to the mechanical discipline of his father's office. It spoke to months after months of this humble toil, as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self-mastery from the hour that he left Harrow. There are some little technical tricks, such as no gentleman who has not been subjected to a similar regimen ever can fall into, which he practised invariably while composing his poetry, which appear not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropt instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years. I allude particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, I presume, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature. He was quite sensible that this ornament might as well be dispensed with; and his family often heard him mutter, after involuntarily performing it, ‘There goes the old shop again!’

"I dwell on this matter, because it was always his favourite tenet, in contradiction to what he called the cant of sonnetteers, that there is no necessary connection between genius and an aversion or contempt for any of the common duties of life; he thought, on the contrary, that to spend some fair portion of every day in any matter-of-fact occupation, is good for the higher faculties themselves in the upshot. In a word, from beginning to end, he piqued himself on being a *man of business*; and did — with one sad and memorable exception — whatever the ordinary course of things threw in his way, in exactly the business-like fashion which might have been expected from the son of a thoroughbred old Clerk to the Signet, who had never deserted his father's profession."

We pause for the present, but with the purpose of renewing a review of the volume before us, in connection with Part Two, which has already appeared in this country.

THE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH GRAMMARS: With an Introduction Historical and Critical, an Appendix in Four Parts, and a Key to the Oral Exercises.

WE have been permitted to examine the manuscript sheets of a work entitled as above, now in course of preparation by GOULD BROWN, Esq., of this city; and we can affirm, with confidence, that a book more complete upon every essential point of its subject, has never been given to the American public. It is, indeed, 'fully ripe,' for the author came amply prepared to his task. It was not, as we gather from the preface, until after fifteen years devoted by the writer to grammatical studies and exercises, during most of which time he had been alternately instructing youth in four different languages, that he published 'The Institutes of English Grammar,' which has been gradually increasing in reputation and demand, until it has reached fifteen editions. In the volume under notice, the principles contained in the 'Institutes' are, with great additional labor, carried out into farther detail, and illustrated by a multiplicity of examples and exercises, accompanied by numerous criticisms and literary notices, which it must have required a long time and laborious research to amass, and patient assiduity to arrange. A book of grammar is too often justly regarded as a dull work on a dull subject: but the fault has generally been with the desultory and immethodical authors, or author-compilers, who have added dullness to the other faults of their originals, and who have dealt in the notional and conjectural, rather than with the correct *principles* of the science which they professed to teach. In this 'Grammar of English Grammars,' however, the writer's claim to method and distinctness will be acknowledged by every reader. Nothing is left unexplained. The study of the language is facilitated by an extension of its grammatical code, and an improvement of the phraseology of its doctrines — by new illustrations, and by so clear an arrangement of a vast number of particulars, that each item may be readily referred to. The pupil is shown how to parse that which is right, and to correct that which is wrong — and both are made equally easy. In short, we take it upon ourselves to predict — and to prevent misconception, we should add, that our remarks are not made with the knowledge of the writer — that when this volume shall, at some future, perhaps distant, day, be given to the public, it will be found to reflect the highest credit upon its industrious and erudite author, and to supply a most important desideratum to students in our higher institutions of learning, not less than to teachers, authors, and general readers.

We subjoin an extract from the critical portion of our author's 'Introduction,' wherein one 'who has as good a right to make a book as those who know how' is handled with some causticity. Being elevated, however, as he himself boasts, upon a high pedestal above all the grammarians of the nation, he must not complain, if the fearless independence of a gifted fellow-laborer should change that lofty position to a bad eminence. 'Having built the pillory with his own hands, he must abide the missive eggs.' The historian seems familiar with his vouchers:

"AMONG the professed copiers of Murray, there is not one who has attempted any thing more honourable to himself, or more beneficial to the public, than what their master had before achieved; nor is there any one, who, with the same disinterestedness, has guarded his design from the imputation of a pecuniary motive. It is comical to observe what they say in their prefaces. Between praise to sustain their choice of a model, and blame to make room for their pretended amendments, they are often placed in as awkward a dilemma, as that which was contrived when grammar was identified with compilation. I should have much to say, were I to show them all in their true light. Few of them have had such success as to be worthy of notice here; but the names of many will find frequent place in my code of false grammar. The one who seems to be now taking the lead in fame and revenue, filled with glad wonder at his own popularity, is SAMUEL KIRKHAM. Upon this gentleman's performance, I shall therefore bestow a few brief observations. Kirkham's treatise is entitled '*English Grammar in Familiar Lectures*, accompanied by a *Compendium*;' that is, by a folded sheet. Of this work, of which I have recently seen copies purporting to be of the 'sixty-seventh edition,' and others again of the 'hundred and fifth edition,' each published at Baltimore in 1835, I can give no earlier account, than what may be derived from the 'second edition, enlarged and much improved,' which was published at Harrisburg in 1825. The preface, which appears to have been written for his *first* edition, is dated 'Fredericktown, Md., August 22, 1823.' In it, there is no recognition of any obligation to Murray, or to any other grammarian in particular; but it is said: 'The author of this production has endeavored to condense all the most important subject-matter of the whole science, and present it in so small a compass, that the learner can become familiarly acquainted with it in a *short time*. He makes but small pretensions to originality in theoretical matter. Most of the principles laid down, have been selected from our *best modern philologists*. If his work is entitled to any degree of merit, it is not on account of a judicious selection of principles and rules, but for the easy mode adopted of communicating these to the mind of the learner.'

Kirkham's Grammar, 1825, p. 10.

"It will be found on examination, that what this author regarded as '*all the most important subject-matter of the whole science*' of grammar, included nothing more than the most common elements of the orthography, etymology, and syntax of the English tongue—beyond which his scholarship appears not to have extended. Whatsoever relates to derivation, to the sounds of the letters, to prosody, (as punctuation, utterance, figures, versification, and poetic diction,) found no place in his 'comprehensive system of grammar;' nor do his later editions treat any of these things amply or well. In short, he treats nothing well; for he is a bad writer. Take from his 'hundred and fifth edition' a few brief sentences, as a sample of his thoughts and style:

'They, however, who introduce usages which depart from the analogy and philosophy of the language, are conspicuous among the number of those who form that language, and have power to control it.'—p. 18.

'PRINCIPLE. A principle in grammar is a peculiar construction of the language, sanctioned by good usage.'—*Ib.*

'DEFINITION. A definition in grammar is a principle of language expressed in a definite form.'—*Ib.*

'RULE. A rule describes the peculiar construction or circumstantial relation of words, which custom has established for our observance.'—*Ib.*

"Now, as 'a rule describes the peculiar construction,' and a 'principle is a peculiar construction,' and 'a definition is a principle,' it is certainly not easier for the learner to conceive of all these things *distinctly*, than it is to understand how a departure from philosophy may make a man deservedly 'conspicuous.' Once more:

'It is correct to say, *The man eats, he eats*; but we cannot say, *The man dog eats, he dog eats*. Why not? Because the man is here represented as the possessor, and dog, the property, or thing possessed; and the genius of our language requires, that when we add to the possessor the thing which he is represented as possessing, the possessor shall take a particular form to show its case, or relation to the property.'—p. 52.

"Is it not a pity that 'more than one hundred thousand children' should be daily poring over language and logic like this?"

"Probably no other grammar was ever so industriously spread. Such was the author's perseverance in his measures to increase the demand for his book, that even the attainment of such accuracy as he was capable of, was less a subject of concern. For, in an article designed 'to ward off some of the arrows of criticism,' an advertisement which, from the eleventh to the 'one hundred and fifth edition,' has been promising 'to the *publick another and a better* edition'—he plainly offers this urgent engagement, as 'an apology for its defects.' He scruples not to say:

'Being able to devote to this subject *only a small portion of his time*, snatched from the active pursuits of a business life, he hopes that the candid will set down the *apology to his credit*. Not that he would beg a truce with the gentlemen *criticks* and reviewers. Any compromise with them would betray a want of *self-confidence* and *moral courage*, which he would, by no means, be willing to avow.'—*Adv. Gram.*, p. 7.

"Now, it is well known, that his principal business was, to commend his own method of teaching grammar, and to turn this publication to profit. This honourable industry, aided as *himself* suggests, by 'not much less than one thousand written recommendations,' is said to have wrought for him, in a very few years, a degree of success and fame, at which both the eulogists of Murray and the friends of English grammar may hang their heads. As to a 'compromise' with any critic or reviewer whom he cannot bribe, it is enough to say of that, it is morally impossible. Nor was it necessary for such an author to throw the gauntlet, to prove himself not lacking in '*self-confidence*.' He can show his '*moral courage*,' only by daring to do right.

"In 1829, after his book had gone through ten editions, and the demand for it had become so great as 'to call forth twenty-two thousand copies during the year,' the prudent author, intending to veer his course according to the *trade-wind*, thought it expedient to retract his former acknowledgment to 'our best modern philologists,' and to profess himself a modifier of the Great Compiler's code. Where then holds the anchor of his praise? Let the reader say, after weighing and comparing his pretensions:

'Aware that there is, in the *publick* mind, a strong predilection for the doctrines contained in Mr. Murray's grammar, he has thought proper, not merely from motives of policy, but from choice, to select his principles chiefly from that work; and, moreover, to adopt, as far as consistent with his own views, the language of that eminent philologist. In no instance has he varied from him, unless he conceived that, in so doing, some *practical advantage* would be gained. He hopes, therefore, to escape the censures so frequently and so justly awarded to those *unfortunate innovators* who have not scrupled to alter, mutilate, and torture, the text of that able writer, merely to gratify an itching propensity to figure in the world as authors, and gain an ephemeral popularity by arrogating to themselves the credit due to another.'

Kirkham's Grammar, 1829, p. 10.

"Now these statements are either true or false; and I know not on which supposition they are most creditable to the writer. Had any Roman grammarist thus profited by the name of Varro or Quintilian, he would have been filled with constant dread of somewhere meeting the injured author's frowning shade! Murray simply intended to do good, and good which might descend to posterity. This intention goes far to excuse even his errors. But Kirkham says: "My pretensions reach not so far. *To the present generation only*, I present my claims." *Elocution*, p. 346. His whole design is, therefore, a paltry scheme of present income. Being no rival with him in this race, and having no personal quarrel with him on any account, I would for his sake fain rejoice at his success, and withhold my criticisms; because he is said to have been liberal with his gains, and because he has not, like some others, copied me in stead of Murray. But the vindication of a greatly injured and perverted science, constrains me to say, on this occasion, that pretensions less consistent with themselves, or less sustained by taste and scholarship, have seldom, if ever, been promulgated in the name of grammar. I have certainly no intention to say more than is due to the uninformed and the misguided; for I may be thought prejudiced, and even this freedom may be attributed to an ill motive. But facts may well be credited, in opposition to courteous flattery, when there are the author's own words and works to vouch for them in the face of day. Though a thousand of our great men may have helped a copier's weak copyist to take 'some practical advantage' of the world's credulity, it is safe to aver, in the face of dignity still greater, that testimonials more fallacious have seldom mocked the cause of learning. *They did not read his book*.

"Notwithstanding the author's change in his professions, the work is now essentially the same as it was at first; except that its errors and contradictions have been

greatly multiplied, by the addition of new matter inconsistent with the old. He evidently cares not what doctrines he teaches, or whose; but, as various theories are noised abroad, seizes upon different opinions, and mixes them together, that his books may contain something to suit all parties. 'A System of *Philosophical Grammar*,' though but an idle speculation, even in his own account, and doubly absurd in him, as being flatly contradictory to his main text, has been thought worthy of insertion. And what his title-page denominates 'A New System of *Punctuation*,' though mostly in the very words of Murray, was next invented to supply a deficiency which he at length discovered. To admit these, and some other additions, the 'comprehensive system of grammar' was gradually extended from 144 small duodecimo pages, to 228, of the ordinary size. And, in this compass, it was finally stereotyped in 1829; so that the ninety-four editions published since have nothing new for history.

"But the publication of an other work, 'An Essay on Elocution,' shows the progress of the author's mind. Nothing can be more radically opposite, than are some of the elementary doctrines which this gentleman is now teaching; nothing more strangely inconsistent, than are some of his declarations and professions. For instance: 'A consonant is a letter that cannot be perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel.' *Kirkham's Grammar*, p. 19. Again: 'A consonant is not only capable of being perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel, but, moreover, of forming, like a vowel, a separate syllable.' *Kirkham's Elocution*, p. 32. Once more. Upon his own rules, he comments thus, and comments *truly*, because he had written them badly: 'But some of these rules are foolish, trifling, and unimportant.' *Elocution*, p. 97. Again: 'Rules 10 and 11, rest on a sandy foundation. They appear not to be based on the principles of the language.' *Grammar*, p. 59. These are but specimens of his own frequent testimony against himself! But upon the credulity of ignorance, his high-sounding certificates and unbounded boasting can impose any thing. They overrule all in favour of one of the worst grammars extant—of which he says: 'It is now studied by more than one hundred thousand children and youth; and is more extensively used than all other English grammars published in the United States.' *Elocution*, p. 347. The booksellers say, he receives *ten cents a copy*, on this *modification of Murray's Grammar*, and that he reports the sale of *sixty thousand* in a year. Be it so—or double, if he and the public please. Murray had so little originality in his work, or so little selfishness in his design, that he would not take any thing; and his may ultimately prove the better bargain.

"A man may boast and bless himself as he pleases, his fortune surely can never be worthy of an other's envy, so long as he finds it inadequate to his own great merits, and unworthy of his own poor gratitude. As a grammarian, Kirkham claims to be second only to Lindley Murray; and says: 'Since the days of Lowth, no other work on grammar, Murray's only excepted, has been so favourably received by the public as his own. As a proof of this, he would mention, that within the last six years, it has passed through fifty editions.' *Preface to Elocution*, p. 12. And, at the same time, and in the same preface, he complains, that, 'Of all the labours done under the sun, the labours of the pen meet with the poorest reward.' *Ibid.* p. 5. This too clearly favours the report, that his books were not written by himself, but by others whom he hired. Possibly, the anonymous helper may here have penned, not his employer's feeling, but a line of his own experience. But I choose to ascribe the passage to the professed author, and to hold him answerable for the inconsistency. I am glad of his present success. It is the only thing which makes him worthy of the notice here taken of him. But I cannot sympathize with his complaint, because he never sought any but 'the poorest reward;' and all he sought, he found. In his last 'Address to Teachers,' he says: 'He may doubtless be permitted emphatically to say with Prospero, '*Your breath has filled my sails.*'' *Elocution*, p. 18. If this boasting has any truth in it, he ought to be satisfied. But it is written, 'He that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance, with increase.' Let him remember this. He now announces three or four other works as forthcoming shortly. What these will achieve, the world will see. But I must confine myself to the Grammar.

"In this volume, scarcely any thing is found where it might be expected. 'The author,' as he tells us in his preface, 'has not followed the common 'artificial and unnatural arrangement adopted by most of his predecessors; yet he has endeavoured to pursue a more judicious one, namely, '*the order of the understanding.*'' *Grammar*, p. 12. But if this is the order of his understanding, he is greatly to be pitied. A book more confused in its plan, more wanting in method, more imperfect in distinctness of parts, more deficient in symmetry, or more difficult of

reference, shall not easily be found in stereotype. Let the reader try to follow us here. Bating twelve pages at the beginning, occupied by the title, recommendations, advertisement, contents, preface, hints to teachers, and advice to lecturers; and fifty-four at the end, embracing syntax, orthography, orthoëpy, provincialisms, prosody, punctuation, versification, rhetoric, figures of speech, and a Key, all in the sequence here given; the work consists of fourteen chapters of grammar, absurdly called 'Familiar Lectures.' The first treats of sundries, under the name of orthography; and the last is three pages and a half on derivation. In the remaining twelve, the etymology and syntax of the ten parts of speech are commingled; and an attempt is made to teach simultaneously all that the author judged important in either. Hence he gives us, in a strange congeries, rules, remarks, illustrations, false syntax, systematic parsing, exercises in parsing, two different orders of notes, three different orders of questions, and a variety of other titles merely occasional. All these things, being additional to his main text, are to be connected, in the mind of the learner, with the parts of speech successively, in some new and inexplicable catenation found only in the arrangement of the lectures. The author himself could not see through the chaos. He accordingly made his table of contents a meagre alphabetical index. Having once attempted in vain to explain the order of his instructions, he actually gave the matter up in despair!

"In length, these pretended lectures vary, from three or four pages, to eight-and-thirty. Their subjects run thus: 1. Language, Grammar, Orthography; 2. Nouns and Verbs; 3. Articles; 4. Adjectives; 5. Participles; 6. Adverbs; 7. Prepositions; 8. Pronouns; 9. Conjunctions; 10. Interjections and Nouns; 11. Moods and Tenses; 12. Irregular Verbs; 13. Auxiliary, Passive, and Defective Verbs; 14. Derivation. Which, now, is 'more judicious,' such confusion as this, or the arrangement which has been common from time immemorial? Has grammar really been made easy by this confounding of its parts? Or are we lured by the name '*Familiar Lectures*'—a term manifestly adopted as a mere decoy, and, with respect to the work itself, totally inappropriate? If these chapters have ever been actually delivered as a series of lectures, the reader must have been employed on some occasions eight or ten times as long as on others. 'People,' says Dr. Johnson, 'have now-a-days got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught by *lectures*. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as a private reading of the books from which the lectures are taken. I know of nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chymistry by lectures—you might teach the making of shoes by lectures.'

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

"With singular ignorance and untruth, this gentleman claims to have invented a better method of analysis than had ever been practised before. Of other grammarians, his preface avers: 'They have *all overlooked* what the author considers a very important object; namely, *a systematick order of parsing*.'—*Grammar*, p. 9. And, in his 'Hints to Teachers,' presenting himself as a model, and his book as a paragon, he says: 'By pursuing this system, he can, with less labour, advance a pupil *farther* in the practical knowledge of this *abstruse science*, in *two months*, than he could in *one year*, when he taught in the *old way*.' *Grammar*, p. 12. What his '*old way*' was, does not appear. Doubtless, something sufficiently bad. But to this gasconade the simple-minded have given credit—because the author showed certificates that testified to his great success, and called him '*amiable and modest*!' But who can look into the book, or into the writer's pretensions in regard to his predecessors, and conceive of the merit which has made him—'preëminent by so much odds?' Was Murray less praiseworthy, less amiable, or less modest? In illustration of my topic, and for the sake of literary justice, I have selected that honoured compiler to show the abuses of praise; let the history of this his vaunting modifier cap the climax of vanity. In general, his amendments of 'that eminent philologist,' are not more skilful than the following touch upon an eminent dramatist; and here, it is plain, he has mistaken two nouns for adjectives, and converted into bad English a beautiful passage, the sentiment of which is worthy of an *author's* recollection:

'The evil deed or deeds that men do, lives after them,
The good deed or deeds is oft interred with their bones.'

Kirkham's Grammar, p. 75."

After the lucid construction given to the above couplet, we shall look to see 'Cats eats mice' defended as an elegant sentence, and the early piscatory announcement, 'Shads is come!' cited as an example of grammatical correctness.

ERATO, NUMBER THREE. By WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. pp. 60. Cincinnati: ALEXANDER FLASH.

MR. GALLAGHER goes on from strength to strength. We can call to mind no young American poet, whose improvement has been more marked, or one who has profited so largely by the suggestions of honest but friendly criticism. It is impossible to avoid noticing a great and distinctive merit in all our author's productions. He *feels* what he writes. He throws his whole soul into his verse; and hence the animated tone of his musings, and the vivid distinctness of his descriptions. He affects no faint emotions; his impressions are hearty and homespun; his characters marked with force, and evidently drawn from nature. If he portrays a domestic scene, instead of a 'babbling, jingling simplicity,' assumed for the occasion, he brings together an assemblage of honest common-life traits and incidents, which the reader cannot fail to recognize and acknowledge, at once; and when, as in the volume before us, he depicts the murderous events connected with the early border history of the West, he has an artist-like faculty of grouping, and the power to make his readers see what they can scarcely doubt he has seen himself.

But we cannot applaud the subject which MR. GALLAGHER has chosen for the principal poem in the little work under notice, however little we may find to condemn in the manner of its handling. It is a 'Tale of the Dark and Bloody Ground,' and, as may readily be inferred, is sanguinary in no small degree. We are beginning to be a-weary of novels and poems which turn upon Indian massacres, and wild scenes of blood and carnage. We repeat, we fear the Indian soil, so industriously cultivated by native laborers in the field of fictitious literature, is in great danger of being exhausted from over-cropping: and were it otherwise, considerations of policy should deter us from relying too exclusively upon a single mine of romantic wealth, how rich soever it may be.

We have marked several passages in 'Cadwallen,' the main poem of the collection; and regret that we are obliged to limit ourselves to the few which follow. The subjoined is from a fine apostrophe to the West, with which the poem opens:

"LAND of the West!—Green Forest-Land!
Thine early day for deeds is famed
Which in historic page shall stand
Till bravery is no longer named.
Thine early day!—it cursed a band
Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:
The iron-nerved, the bravely good,
Who neither spared nor lavished blood—
Aye ready, morn, or night, or noon;
Fleet in the race, firm in the field,
Their sinewy arms their only shield—
Courage to Death alone to yield;
The men of Daniel Boone!
Their dwelling-place—the 'good green wood';
Their favorite haunts—the lone arcade,
The murmuring and majestic flood,
The deep and solemn shade:
Where to them came the Word of God,
When Storm and Darkness were abroad,
Breathed in the thunder's voice aloud,
And writ in lightning on the cloud.
And thus they lived: the dead leaves off,
Heaped by the playful winds, their bed;
Nor wished they couch more warm or soft—
Nor pillow for the head
Other than fitting root, or stone,
With the scant wood-moss overgrown.
Heroic band!—But they have passed,
As pass the stars at rise of sun,—
Melting into the ocean vast
Of Time, and sinking, one by one;

Yet lingering here and there a few,
 As if to take a last, long view
 Of the domain they won, in strife
 With foes who battled to the knife.
 Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!
 All honor to the few that yet do linger with us!"

The attack of the 'Station' on the Elkhorn, which is described with much graphic power, is followed by vengeful preparations on the part of the survivors:

"THERE was a speedy gathering then,
 Of fiery youths and fearless men,
 And mettled steeds.
 Ne'er had fair Elkhorn's bloody shore
 Beheld such gallant host before,
 So fit for daring deeds.
 Here was th' appointed rendezvous —
 And one by one, and two by two,
 Brave spirits, they came rushing in:
 And when they saw what strife had been,
 And stood where white men's precious blood
 Had flowed, and stained that gentle flood,
 Each took that oath of vengeance dread
 Late uttered on the Indian's head."

After a spirited debate in council, they set forth—Cadwallen, whose betrothed has been taken prisoner, leading the band:

"Now breaks the young and dewy day;
 And still the fires are far away.
 But while they speed, as quick as thought
 Rodd's careless rein is drawn full taut;
 And a halt is ordered instantly.
 What in the distance seeth he?
 Straight and still as a post doth it stand—
 It moves not foot, and it stirs not hand;
 Yet it looks like a human being, drawn
 On the deep blue sky and the velvet lawn.
 Brun's gun is levelled. Still, man! 'tis not
 Within the reach of thy carbine shot.
 Thy priming is damp—and the figure is gone!
 Two others rise up from the ground, and stay
 A moment, the horsemen's force to survey,
 And then, like the first one, they hurry away."

"The ground they first appeared on, lies
 Away some seventy rods, not more:
 A beautiful and gentle rise,
 Though on a gloomy shore:
 Half circling it, but then unseen,
 A rocky, and dark, and deep ravine.
 'Have at them, friends!' loud shouted Rodd;
 'Strike home, my braves! and trust in God.'
 'An ambush!' several whispered now,
 With quivering lip, and pallid brow.
 'On! on!' said he. How short their breath!
 'Nay—that were rushing to our death.
 'Tis a decoy! 'Twere madness great!
 Better a larger force await,
 Than thus to seal our own, perhaps each Station's fate."

"Rodd praised, cursed, entreated; but still they stood,
 Wistfully eyeing the tangled wood
 That lined the darkly rolling flood.
 To his temples mounted his fiery blood;
 And he slackened his rein, and musing sat,
 His troubled brow concealed by his hat;
 But his face was turned where the wily foe
 In ambush lay—and he burned to go."

"Cadwallen looked hastily round him then,
 Reading the hearts of those hardy men:
 A few cheeks were pale, and a few lips quivered—
 And one, who had boasted loudest, shivered.
 'Tongue valor lasts but from night till morn!
 Ralph muttered, and curled his lip in scorn."

Here tarry all the chicken-hearted;
 'Tis pity their scalps from their heads should be parted;
 He turned away.... Old Brun stood alone,
 Whistling, and whetting his knife on a stone!
 'Tis fit for the head
 Of their bravest,' he said,
 And passed his hard thumb back and fore on the blade.
 'This skinning of crowns is a horrible trade!
 But 'tis time 'twere begun,
 Ere the heat of the sun;
 Come! who goes abreast now with Old Billy Brun?'
 He looked round for answer, but answer came none.

"Cadwallen, man! what ails thee now?
 The cold sweat stands upon thy brow!
 What means that wild and straining eye?
 See you a spectre gliding by?
 Ralph met the old man's eager glance,
 And started from his bitter trance.
 So rapt was he, he had not heard
 His brave companion's challenge-word."

They are caught in ambush by the savages:

"Soon sprang their savage foe to view,
 And loudly rang the scalp-halloo.
 Cadwallen! now thy bravest do;
 Thou, gallant Rodd! thy best.
 They move together: right and left
 They strike, and many a skull is cleft.
 The pressing foe before them sinks;
 And the earth, long thirsting, greedily drinks
 The blood of dying and of dead:
 Around them many such are spread,
 With a naked spot on the crown of the bead:
 This finishing stroke of vengeance done
 By the well-tried blade of the woodman Brun.
 Ha! Rodd's horse gives a terrible bound,
 And he and his rider roll on the ground.
 Rodd lives — but his noble steed is dying;
 He springs to his feet, but his friends are flying!
 He staggers! speed, speed to the rescue, Cadwallen!
 Though rash, he 's the bravest of all that have fallen.
 Nay — bloody is his vest!
 Three arrows have pierced it, and stick in his breast.
 Thou 'rt now alone, Cadwallen! flee!
 Thy courser bears thee gallantly,
 But sudden a strong arm grasps thy rein:
 Well aimed! that arm is cleft in twain.
 Now fly! or thou must fare like Rodd.
 Too late! thy gelding bites the sod.
 Who rescues thee, must rescue soon.
 Ho! who comes yonder? Daniel Boon!
 Employed alone not far away,
 As often was the patriarch's mood,
 He heard the sounds of deadly fray,
 And quickly 'mong the bravest stood,
 And battled with an arm that ne'er
 Had heard of deed it would not dare:
 But soon he saw, that longer strife
 Were only hopeless waste of life.
 Speed, Ralph! he comes in time to save,
 Not from that flesh-wound, but the grave.
 Who struggles there with a mighty one?
 Who, but the brave old woodman, Brun!
 The Indian reels, and the struggle is done.
 A riderless horse came bounding by;
 Boon seized it: 'Cadwallen! here — mount and fly!
 Fly, Brun! — every instant is lavish of death.'
 Brun drew his red knife from its gory sheath:
 'I must first trim the head
 Of this devil!' he said;
 But before he could do it, he lay with the dead —
 A shaft in his heart, and a ball in his head."

We have purposely avoided any thing like connection in our extracts, in order that the reader may seek to possess himself, in the original poem, of the interesting love-story which forms its under-plot. The numerous perils encountered — the

hopes, fears, and deadly struggles — the doubts, the alarms, and the final meeting — are they not written in the book?

'Cadwallen' occasionally reminds us of DANA'S 'Buccaniers,' especially in the sententiousness of many short sentences, which often embody a complete picture, or portrait. There is still, howbeit, a little *maladresse* in the matter of diction, with Mr. Gallagher; and we have pencilled some lines of *prose* amid the best poetry of his volume. There are certain involutions, also, which we must regard as infelicitous; such as

'And Annette — reviving is she.'

'Who cannot bear of blood the smell.'

'Through banks that fair and glassy be.'

and lines of similar construction. '*Entinted* by the ruby,' and '*flow-ers*,' as if pronounced in two syllables, are likewise objectionable. These are small blemishes, however, considered in connection with the abounding merits of the entire poem.

A few miscellaneous pieces, familiar to many of our readers, close the volume. The first of these, 'The Last Appeal,' is remarkable for its vivid description, and deep pathos. 'The Autumn Lay,' also included, has added much to the poetical reputation of the author. We again commend 'Erato, Number Three,' to the reader's affections; not without the hope, that, in the fullness of time, we may be called upon to perform a similar grateful office for 'Number Four.'

CRICHTON. By W. H. AINSWORTH, Author of 'Rookwood.' In two volumes 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE shall deal briefly with these volumes, for two reasons. First, much of the history of 'the admirable Crichton' has doubtless been made familiar to many of our readers, in the fragmentary passages of his life which have appeared, at different times, for an indefinite period of the past; and secondly, we have neither space nor leisure to notice the work in detail; moreover, we lack the inclination. While we readily admit that great interest pervades portions of the novel, we are compelled to add, that is produced by incidents which savor too strongly of the marvellous; by descriptions of scenes, and individual portraitures, the influence of which can neither be salutary nor harmless. The reader will find enough of excitement, the great end of too many of our modern school novelists; but in our judgment it is an excitement which 'will not and cannot come to good.' With all this, we doubt not the work will be widely popular. Such, unfortunately, is the taste of the day.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

It is now twelve years, since the artists of New-York, with a generous and well-considered spirit of emulation for the advancement of their noble profession, determined upon the establishment of an academy, modelled in general upon that of England, and including, as one of its principal and most important features, an annual exhibition, which should at once afford the means of defraying the necessary expenses of the institution, bring their names and works before the public, secure the possible advantages of criticism, and last, though not least, exert a salutary influence upon themselves, by the opportunity thus periodically afforded for comparison and competition. At that time, they were few in number, and their art, although not disregarded, was certainly not duly estimated by the public; and the experiment was therefore deemed somewhat hazardous, inasmuch as it was doubted whether a gallery of sufficient attraction could be provided, every year, to ensure the receipt of moneys equal to the unavoidable disbursements for rent, attendance, lights, and other indispensable concomitants. The result has proved these apprehensions to have been without foundation. The artists have increased rapidly, in numbers, skill, and estimation; the public attention has been strongly attracted to their doings and themselves; the exhibitions have been highly creditable to the city and the country; and the receipts have been sufficient not only for the mere expenses of exhibiting, but for the creation of a fund which is liberally and judiciously employed by the Academy in the acquisition of models and other requisites, the distribution of prizes among the students, and generally in advancing the character and usefulness of the institution. In a word, the experiment has proved eminently successful; and in common with all true friends to the art and artists, we sincerely greet the Academy with the aspiration, *Esto perpetua!*

In nothing is the beneficial influence of such an institution more apparent, than in the constantly increasing numbers of exhibitors and of works exhibited. The former amount this year to no less than one hundred and fifteen, and the latter to three hundred and four; exceeding those of any former year, we believe, by almost a hundred.

These three hundred and four pictures, by the way, present a rather formidable front to the critic who should undertake to descant on their merits; and as we cannot draw so largely upon the pages devoted to the critical department of our Magazine, as would be necessary in the attempt to notice all, we must again adopt our usual plan of confining our remarks to those most conspicuously deserving either of praise or blame; endeavoring, withal, to give a share of attention to the greatest practical number of exhibitors.

We commence, as directed in the catalogue, at the left, on entering the large saloon.

No. 1. is a portrait in water colors, by S. H. GIMBER. Correct in drawing, and freely though not carelessly handled. The tone is somewhat washy. No. 12, a companion portrait, has the same merits and defect.

3. A small portrait in oil, by G. LINEN. Very clever. Coloring firm and clear, although somewhat too smooth. Nos. 14, 170, and 194, portraits of the same size, by the same artist, equally laudable. Mr. Linen is a young artist, we presume, and bids fair to become a very good portrait painter. He wants softness of outline and shadow.

4. A view of Little Falls, by W. J. BENNETT. Although working at disadvantage among the straight lines and angles of a collection of houses, Mr. Bennett has made of this a very pleasing picture. The sky is good, the perspective is good, and the trees and foliage are beautifully worked up. The fore-ground and distance are excellent, and atone for the formality and unavoidable common-place of the houses which occupy the centre of the picture, and which could not be made picturesque, without ceasing to be likenesses.

5. The Cottage Door, by MISS ROSANNA PURCELL. No. 10, the Literary Retreat, by the same. Very fair attempts: we presume by a beginner.

6. Ruins of a Monastery, by J. B. KIDD. A pencil drawing, and a good one, although not by the hand of a master. Correct and careful, but not free.

16. Bogle Abbey, by J. B. KIDD. Too much uniformity of tone.

7. The Charm, and No. 8, Instruction, by E. PURCELL. *Vide* No. 5.

18. Boy Fishing, by W. EFFIE, has the same fault, and the outlines are hard and rigid.

19. Portrait, by J. WHITEHORNE. This would be a good portrait, if the coloring were not faulty. The lady's complexion wants clearness, and the drapery gives the idea of linen that stands much in need of washing.

20. Morning, a View near Pittsburgh. G. HARVEY. All good, except the foreground. The perspective is correct, and the distant lights and shades are well managed. Mr. Harvey has several landscapes in the exhibition, most of which are better than this, and some of them very good. No. 58, for instance, which is really a very clever picture, although we have puzzled ourselves in vain to account for the patches or dabs of white on the water in the fore-ground.

21. View of Indian Falls, by J. B. BEAUMONT. Too many straight lines. The trees look like bean-poles.

22. Scene on the Sea Coast, by J. SHAW. Very good. The sky natural, the perspective excellent, and the lights and shades clear and well defined. The finest thing about it, is the bold relief in which the ruin stands out from the distance beyond it.

23. Group of Children. H. INMAN. A lovely picture. The free unconscious grace of the attitudes, the life and spirit of the expression, and the admirable clearness of the coloring, especially in the flesh tints, make this one of the gems of the exhibition. Mr. Inman has four other portraits, one of Dr. Mott, another of President Duer, another of a very pretty young lady, and the fourth a gentleman whom we do not know. The likeness of Dr. Mott is more than speaking; one might almost say that it is amputating. The coloring of the face is unsurpassably fine—so clear, and firm, and flesh-like.

24. Portrait of a Gentleman, by A. B. DURAND. Mr. Durand's portraits are not so happy this year, as we have seen from his pencil. There is a lack of warmth and force in the coloring, and the handling is timid. No. 43, a full length of a lady, is the best in point of color, but the picture is very stiff and formal. The hands in this full length, however, are beautifully drawn and colored.

25. Portrait, by F. R. SPENCER. This gentleman's portraits are coldly correct, and seem to be finished with care, but they all have the fault of tameness, and the coloring is not clear and fresh. Except those of Messrs. Morse, Inman, Ingham, and Linen, these are the faults of all the portraits in the exhibition. The flesh does not look like flesh, but like stained ivory; the tints want transparency, and have a dull, unlife-like appearance.

26. Scene on the Mohawk. W. G. WALL. The water in this landscape is beautiful, as it always is in Mr. Wall's pictures, but we do not think the picture equal to his ability. There is a want of distinctness in the shadows, and the foliage is too much in masses; it wants working up. The picture seems to need varnish. No. 109 is infinitely better—indeed perfectly lovely. There is no man that we know of who paints water like Mr. Wall. In his pictures, it is water—transparent, cool and flowing; in all others, it reminds the beholder of paint, but in his, never. Mr. Wall has two other landscapes, both of a high order.

28. View near Hartford. G. L. BROWN. A landscape of considerable merit, although censurable for an affectation of roughness—freedom of handling carried to excess.

29. A Park Scene. D. ROBERTS. One staring mass of green.

30. Bohemian Girl. MRS. UNKART. A very pretty piece of coloring. The outlines rather sharp and hard. The sky is patchy. On the whole, however, a very creditable painting, especially if the lady is but a tyro.

32. Portrait of an Officer. J. G. COLE. Coloring muddy.

38. Wreck of the Bristol. G. A. LUDLOW. A very good sea piece—well drawn and colored. The artist has succeeded—which is rarely the case in sea pieces—in representing the tremendous power of the waves.

39. View of Florence. T. COLE. A picture of wonderful excellence, that bears long and close examination, and in which new beauties constantly appear. Its peculiar points of merit are, the richness and harmony of the tints, the perfect beauty of the sky, the pleasing disposition of the light, and the aerial perspective, which last cannot be exceeded. As has been truly remarked, in one of the daily papers, it is evidently an atmosphere—the peculiar atmosphere of a city—through which you look over the towers and domes of Florence to the lovely hills beyond. We are strongly of opinion that Mr. Cole has made a good and liberal use of ultramarine in his sky—a color the excellencies of which are not sufficiently appreciated by our artists. Mr. Cole has two other paintings, Nos. 44 and 119, which are not less admirable.

42. Braddock's Defeat. E. B. PURCELL. An ambitious but not successful attempt by a very young artist, who deserves the praise of zeal, rather than of discretion. It is a strange assemblage of incongruous tints and extravagant attitudes. Mr. Purcell will do much better, perhaps, when he is ten years older, provided he will learn in the meantime something of the rudiments of the art.

47. Portrait of a Lady. W. PAGE. This gentleman has in the exhibition three portraits, a Landscape and a Holy Family. The latter is the best. The portraits are smooth and well colored, but lack freedom in the handling. The Landscape, No. 69, is bad; the tints are too exclusively blue and green, and the effect is icy coldness.

48. Scene in Prussia. G. GRUNEWALD. This artist, whose name is new to us, exhibits a number of very clever landscapes, in oil and water colors. They are of very equal merit. There is a raw look about them all, which detracts much from the effect.

51. *Portrait of a Young Girl, with Grapes.* G. MARSIGLIA. Brilliant coloring, but a very distressing picture. We cannot but compassionate the poor girl, who has evidently been starved to death—judging from her figure. As was remarked by a medical gentleman, she is safe from dyspepsia, being entirely without that portion of the body in which the disease is seated.

52. *The First Ship.* J. G. CHAPMAN. A picture full of faults, yet likely to please many eyes. The desperate uniformity of tints, which has so often been noticed as the peculiarity of Mr. Chapman, is here remarkably conspicuous; the Indian, the cliff on which he stands, the skin depending from his waist, and the tree behind him, are all precisely of one hue—and that not copper color, but a sort of medium mulatto yellow. The figure is utterly without relief, and looks like an Indian cut out of pasteboard. The face is not in the least Indian, nor is he looking at, but quite away from, the ship which is supposed to excite his wonder. There is so total a want of strength and character in the attitude and expression, that in one of the reviews which we have seen the red, or rather yellow, man is spoken of as an Indian maiden! Mr. Chapman has no less than ten other pictures in the exhibition, the principal of which are, 64, *Christ walking on the Sea*; 79, *The Fisher Boy*; 83, *Christ Healing Bartimeus*; and 266, *Flight of Sergeant Champ*. This last is decidedly the best. It has vigor of design and execution, which all the others want sadly. The action of the horse, and the wild, eager, and excited expression of the rider, are excellent.

56. *Landscape, near Dublin.* J. BRENNAN. We have never seen a more outré assemblage of colors. The eye is dazzled with the brightest scarlet, orange, green, yellow, and blue—which may pertain to the landscapes in Ireland, but the like of which we have never seen in any country. Otherwise, there is merit in the picture, especially in the drawing. Mr. Brennan has another landscape and a portrait which are favorable specimens of his skill.

62. *Hazy Morning, Head of the Androscroggin.* G. L. BROWN. A very good landscape, albeit there is rather too much green. The haze in the distance is well managed, and so are the deep shadows in the foreground.

71. *Full length Portrait.* S. F. B. MORSE. An exceedingly fine picture, and one upon which the eye rests long and often, with increasing pleasure. The graceful ease of the attitude, the general harmony of the coloring, and the clearness and firmness of the flesh tints, are not exceeded by any portrait in the gallery. The sky is objectionable, both in the coloring, which is strangely coppery, and in the disposition of the clouds, which are moulded up into queer globular patches, such as we have never seen in nature. Mr. Morse may have seen such, however. Even with this draw-back, it is an uncommonly fine picture. Mr. Morse has three other portraits—all very good, especially in the coloring.

75. *View on the Rondout.* D. HUNTINGTON. Not so good as its neighbor, No. 76, a *Lake on the Shawangunk Mountain*, by the same artist. In the first, the water looks like paint, and the perspective is faulty. The other is much better.

80. *Portrait of a Boy, blowing Soap-Bubbles.* J. H. SHEGOGUE. A pleasing composition, but hung too high for our myopic eyes.

84. *A View in Switzerland.* GERBON, of Geneva. An elaborate composition, wrought up with much care, but like most of the modern continental pictures, hard, stiff, and liney.

85. *The Detected Love-letter.* T. T. FOWLER. A spirited composition, full of glaring faults and striking merits. Among the latter, are freedom of design and boldness of touch, good coloring and strong expression; among the former, inaccu-

rate proportion and coarseness of finish. The lady, if she was standing up, would be at least a head taller than her father. Mr. Fowler has several other pictures, all free and spirited, and all betraying want of care. No. 97, for instance, the Toilet of the Olden Time, might be made a beautiful thing, with study and careful finish. Now, it can pass only for a rough though clever sketch.

92. Portrait of George Jones. J. FROTHINGHAM. A staring, vacant face, well colored, but rather wanting relief. It is, we are told, a good likeness.

95. Wreck of the Bristol. J. PRINGLE. Vigorous and well colored. There is rather too much rectilinear formality in the waves; every one is like its brother, even to the shooting of the spray from its crest.

96. Historical Landscape—The Feeding of the Five Thousand. H. PRATT. An ambitious attempt, by a youthful tyro, as we presume. The trees are very like brooms, and the tone of color is disagreeable. There is promise in it, however.

104. Geneva. F. S. AGATE. The accessories more worthy of notice than the principal figure. As a picture of a fine old Gothic apartment, ample in dimensions and rich in architectural decoration, it is beautiful. The lady wants expression, in face and attitude, and seems petite and insignificant in contrast with the scene and the accessories. The fatal chest should be open: as it is, the picture does not tell the story. Coloring good.

108. Newtown, L. I., from the Heights. J. EVERS. A good landscape, although rather too green. The perspective is not very well defined, but the general effect is pleasing. We think we can trace in it, however, the difficulty experienced by an artist accustomed to work on the large scale, and out of his element among minute effects.

120. General Marion's Swamp Encampment. J. B. WHITE. A clever composition. The attitude and expression of the 'Swamp Fox' and the dragoon are quite good; and the rough partizans of the former are well grouped around him.

123. Child and Lap Dog. S. A. MOUNT. An intolerable fright of dusky red and black. The child has all the appearance of being two-thirds roasted before a huge fire.

129. View on the Mohawk. Very good. The drawing correct, and the colors freely though carefully laid on.

The numbers henceforward, up to 166, inclusive, are chiefly miniatures, engravings, drawings in water color, etc. We do not find among them any thing particularly worthy of notice. The miniatures by Mr. CUMMINGS are, as usual, by far the best.

Our review has already extended to so great a length, that we must now confine our remarks to the *chefs-d'œuvre* among the remaining hundred and fifty pictures. These are:

268. Farmers resting at Noon. W. S. MOUNT. A gem of the first water. The composition is exceedingly clever and intelligible; the figures are carefully drawn, the accessories well finished, and the whole effect uncommonly pleasing. The figure of the sleeping black is excellently fore-shortened.

273. Santa Claus. B. W. WEIR. A droll idea, drolly carried out. The coloring is excellent, but it strikes us that the stockings are preternaturally huge. They have been made so, we presume, to diminish the figure of the jolly Dutch saint, but the effect is, that he appears of a reasonable size, while the stockings and the fire-place seem gigantic.

278. Healing the Possessed. A. B. DURAND. A clever composition. The distraught amazement of the 'Possessed' is exceedingly well depicted.

282. Landscape. C. C. INGHAM. One of the most wonderful specimens of finish we ever beheld. The grass is finer than Genoa velvet, the cattle are elaborated as minutely as a miniature, and the very leaves of the trees and cracks in the bark are individually perceptible. The water is clear and good, although rather blue.

283. Landscape. W. M. ODDIE. A perfect contrast to the preceding. That is all minuteness and delicacy, this all freedom and general effect. There is a world of industry and professional knowledge in the first, yet we confess that to our taste there is more of the artist in the second. Mr. Ingham's landscape is *astonishingly* beautiful; but to our mind Mr. Oddie's is the most pleasing, because most like nature.

284. Boston Harbor. G. L. BROWN. A clever sea-piece. The distances well defined, and the sky natural.

285. The Raffle. W. S. MOUNT. Another admirable picture of rural life and manners. The attitudes and expressions good, although the faces have too much family resemblance.

298. The Devil's Deacon. F. S. AGATE. This is described in the catalogue as a sketch, and it certainly wants a deal of finish. We cannot say that we like it much. The figures are too numerous, and confusedly grouped, and the demons are rather ridiculous than fearful, as they should be, to justify their introduction. The deacon is well imagined. Altogether, the picture wants clearness and expression. Being but a sketch, we will not condemn the execution, as regards drawing and color.

Beside these, there are in the 'small saloon' some ten or twelve cabinet pictures by C. MAYR, which are more creditable to his industry than to his skill, although two or three of them show considerable improvement within the year. The excessive muscular development in the faces, which we have before noticed, continues to be his fault; and in almost every instance, his heads are too large for his bodies. His pictures are all sadly objectionable in perspective. Mr. F. WILLIAMS has a good specimen in No. 239, The Skinner, and his Dominie Sampson reading the commission to the Laird of Ellangowan, has very considerable merit. The attitude of the Laird is especially deserving of praise.

267. A Sunset Parade at West Point, by Lieut. EASTMAN, is very clever for an amateur. There are many pictures, by professional artists, in the exhibition, far from being as well drawn or colored as this.

296. Young Thieves, by F. FINK, is also a deserving picture.

But we must close, although we have actually a good deal more to say.

'LETTERS FROM PALMYRA.'—We find the following hearty tribute to this admirable series, in the recently published work of Miss MARTINEAU, 'Society in America.' Our readers will bear testimony, that the several numbers which have appeared, since our authoress left America, so far from deteriorating, have even increased in beauty and interest:

"Last spring, a set of papers began to appear in the *Knickerbocker*, a New-York Monthly Magazine, called 'Letters from Palmyra,' six numbers of which had been issued when I left the country. I have been hitherto unable to obtain the rest; but if they answer to the early portions, there can be no doubt of their being shortly in

every body's hands, in both countries. These letters remain in my mind, after repeated readings, as a fragment of lofty and tender beauty. Zenobia, Longinus, and a long perspective of characters, live and move in natural majesty; and the beauties of description and sentiment appear to me as remarkable as the strong conception of character, and of the age. If this anonymous fragment be not the work of a true artist—if the work, when entire, do not prove to be of a far higher order than any thing which has yet issued from the American press—its early admirers will feel yet more surprise than regret."

THE DRAMA.

We are left, by our three correspondents below, small room to speak of the performances at the several theatres, during the month. We reserve them, therefore, for future consideration. Will 'M.' let us hear from him again? He has an effective lash for fashionable or tolerated follies.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIÈRE.—During the May engagement of Miss TREE, this performance of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER was produced at the Park Theatre, and was played three times. Its success upon the stage was such as to bear us out in the opinion we had formed on perusing it in the closet. Mr. Bulwer is a fine novelist, a fair writer on political economy, but a very mediocre poet and dramatist.

In the first place, we quarrel with him as to his selection of a subject. What points of character possessed the heroine of the piece, to form the basis of a drama, to be acted before the eyes of men, and to be judged of, as men judge, by their own sympathies and feelings, their own experience and moral sense? A simple country maiden, of pure character, goes to the licentious court of Louis XIV., as a maid of honor to his queen. There she 'falls in love,' as romancers express it, with the king, who soon discovers the fact, and returns the compliment. So soon as she perceives this, she has sense enough to see the false position in which the difference of character, subsisting between their several attachments, places herself. Urged by a friend, who seeks her at the court, hearing of the danger in which she stands, she consents to fly to a convent, to prevent the consummation of a connexion which she now perceives can only be a crime. But the convent proves no sanctuary, and she is carried thence by the impassioned king himself, after a scene of eloquent persuasion, by which she is prevailed on to consent to leave the convent, and then swoons in the arms of her ravisher. The steps in the path of vice are rapidly trodden, and the heroine, now made a duchess, that the mistress of a king may at least be a splendid victim, passes through the different grades of full success, enjoyment of courtly splendor, hopes and fears, and finally desertion. Her mother dies broken-hearted, and her only other friend, (and he her early, honorable lover,) assumes the monk's cowl. By the aid of the latter, she again seeks the convent, and takes the veil, as a Carmelite nun, which ceremony is enacted on the stage, with all its minute and solemn details, in the last act. And this is the story of the Duchess de La Vallière.

As originally written, there was represented the silly Marquis of Montespan, whom the author intended as a stalking-horse for much of the wit and humor of the Duke de Lauzun, and Count Grammont. As actually performed, all that fine fabric was cut out of the loom, and a patch of after-work, rather linsey-woolsey, was substituted. Madame de Montespan, too, who occupies a goodly space in the

written play, was only allowed to come in, in the last act, or a moment, and read a letter, and find that she was banished from Versailles; but for what, though the letter might tell her, she does not inform the audience.

The play was presented as written by the author, at Drury Lane, and was summarily damned on its first night, though MACREADY played the part (Bragelone) written for him. The author then made the alterations noticed above; and as there was then less of it, it was endured a night or two more, and then shelved. Now, here, it came out, with all its manifold imperfections on its head, under far different auspices. Our audiences are not so rigidly critical as are London audiences, and the heroine was performed by Ellen Tree. Yet, the fate of the Duchess de La Vallière in New-York has been about the same as the catastrophe at Drury Lane.

The cause of this was, the character of the play itself, which would have secured its condemnation, had the incidents and the *dramatis personæ* been of a class better calculated to insure the sympathy and approbation of the audience. The latter consideration had great weight, but still it was the former which was far more potent in producing this result.

Miss Tree personated the fair and frail heroine. She made the most of every incident, gave effect to every position, and developed, to the best of her very great abilities, all the character and genius which were to be discovered in the piece. Her dresses were new, various, rich, and splendid; and all she could, she did do, to save the play. But in vain. There were no other redeeming traits in the cast. MASON, as the king, walked through a part which he must have felt to be vapid and pointless, from beginning to end; NEXSEN played (?) '*the witty Grammont*?' Think of that! CHIPPENDALE failed completely in the Duc de Lauzun, Mrs. DURIE performed the Duchess Montespán, and Mrs. WHEATLEY, as the mother of La Vallière, had a half dozen common-places to repeat in the first act. Macready's part, the early lover of the heroine, which was intended by the author to be the leading character, was assigned to FREDERICKS, who performed it—not quite so well as Macready, probably, but yet as well as such a stick of a part deserved to be performed. Is it then surprising, that with such coadjutors as these, Miss Tree should have failed successfully to carry through such a piece as we have shown the Duchess de La Vallière to be, by dint of her own individual powers, great though they be? Let us see what she had to deal with, in the language of the poet. In reply to the suggestion that she loves the king, she is made to say:

"Who spoke of love?
The sunflower, gazing on the Lord of heaven,
Asks but its sun to shine! Who spoke of love?
And who would wish the bright and lofty Louis
To stoop from glory? Love should not confound
So great a spirit with the herd of men!
Who spoke of love?"

Act I., Sc. 3.

And this soliloquy: she is musing on the king:

"He loves me then! He loves me! Love! wild word!
Did I say love? Dishonor, shame, and crime
Dwell on the thought! And yet—and yet—he loves me!"

Act II., Sc. 2.

And in the same scene, this passage, in reply to Bragelone, remonstrating with her against her love for the king—a passage which really seemed, as acted by Miss Tree, to be the only one, in the whole scene, affording the least opportunity to express aught like deep feeling or pathos:

"Be still! thou 'rt man!
Thou canst not feel as woman feels! *her weakness*
Thou canst not sound," etc.,

which seems, on perusal, to be very like nonsense; as does the following, in the same scene. Addressing Bragelone, La Vallière says:

"Ah! when last we parted,
I told thee of thy love I was not worthy;
Another shall replace me."

By which the author means the lady to say, that another should take her place in Bragelone's affection. The following, too, how vapid, how inflated, how labored! What actress could be expected to clothe such language with any thing like real pathos of action or enunciation?

"He loves me then no longer! All the words
Earth knows, shape but one thought, 'He loves no longer!'
Where shall I turn? My mother, my poor mother,
Sleeps the long sleep! 'Tis better so! Her life
Ran to its lees. I will not mourn for her.
But it is hard to be alone on earth!
This love, for which I gave so much, is dead,
Save in my heart: and love, surviving love,
Changes its nature, and becomes despair!" *Act IV., Sc. 2.*

One more extract, to show the burthen so valiantly assumed and so creditably sustained by Miss Tree, and we have done. The following is from the scene in the church, where the heroine takes the veil. She is addressing Louis, and has to say:

"I am weak,
But in the knowledge of my weakness strong.
*I could not breathe the air that's sweet with thee,
Nor cease to love; in flight my only safety!*
And were that flight not made by solemn vows
Eternal, it were bootless! *For the wings
Of my wild soul know but two bournes to speed to—
Louis and Heaven!*" *Act V., Sc. 6.*

The best scene in the play, is that where Bragelone reads to the king a presage of the destiny of the French throne. But it was mangled, mutilated, and misunderstood; and Fredericks, instead of giving it in a calm, solemn, impressive manner, roared it into the ears of Louis, as if it were an anathema. All things considered, it was a decision very creditable to the New-Yorkers, which, after three fair hearings, they have decreed to the Duchess de La Vallière—*damnation.*

O.

DRAMATIC STARS—MAGNITUDE NUMBER SIX.

'JOHNSON.—'Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature. He seems strongly affected by the *cacœthes scribendi*—wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is. Your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover to what species of bird I allude.' Here the Doctor shook his head, and laughed.'

P. S. to 'BOZZY AND PROZZL.'

THERE is a certain powerful influence acting upon every branch of society at the present day, and in its effects paralyzing all honest and honorable efforts, to which the expressive, if not classical, cognomen, '*humbug*,' has been given. Guiltless, however, of the intention of writing a history of the world, we are not prepared to give an account of its rise and progress. There is orthodoxy in the belief, that our respectable grandmother Eve should be considered the 'First of the Humbugged;' and the oily rascal who beguiled her into a fondness for apples, whether he took upon him the shape of the genus '*Amphisbœna*,' which glorieth in two heads, or the '*Hydrus*,' which, belonging to the temperance cause, delighteth in water, or the '*Cerastes*,' which affecteth horns, or the '*Dipsas*,' which, like a companionable sot, is not only thirsty itself, but the cause of thirst in others—

whether the gay deceiver took upon himself either one or other of these seductive shapes, he hath claim to the honor of being regarded as the '*pater empirice*.' His children and disciples are as the leaves of the forest—without number, numberless. They flourish on every stalk, and every trade, business, and profession nourisheth them. 'How many valiant generals are there,' reasoneth the philosophic Jacques, 'who dare not attack a bulrush, unless the wind be in their favor; sage politicians, who cannot comprehend the mystery of a mouse-trap; profound lawyers, whose heads would make excellent wig-blocks; and sage physicians, whose knowledge extendeth no farther than writing death warrants in Latin!' How easy to continue the catalogue!—as thus: Pillars of sanctity, who have not so much grace as would serve as a prelude to a piece of bread and butter; princely merchants, whose wealth is snugly deposited in the mountains of the moon; great painters, whose works are so original, that there is nothing like them, on the earth, in the heavens above, or the waters under the earth; divine poets, whose divinity cannot keep them from stealing; astute critics, whom nature hath saved from being blockheads, by cramming their empty pates with knavery; honorable young gentlemen, in remarkably fine heads of hair, whose gentility is borrowed of their tailors, and whose youthful honors repose where resteth the wisdom of Hyppolite de Frisac, viz., in their wigs; and finally, 'celebrated actors,' whose greatness is the result of a puff, as is that of a distended soap-bubble, and who thereupon swell out, as continueth the oracular Jacques, 'like a shirt bleaching in a high wind,' and are shining examples, that a man need never want *gold* in his pocket, who hath plenty of *brass* in his face.

Theatres, indeed, are the chief courts of humbug. There she has erected her throne, there bend nightly her worshippers, and there convene daily her disciples. Among the conspicuous members of her court, are many of those who call themselves 'stars,' but who would be more properly distinguished under the title of 'meteors,' 'Will-o'-the-Wisps,' and 'Jack-with-the-Lanterns,' inasmuch as, like those luminous bodies, they generally take their rise in some unknown swamp, or bog, gleam gloriously for a moment, vanish, and are forgotten, leaving behind them a somewhat mysterious smell of sulphur, which has led naturalists into curious speculations as to their origin. We have in our mind's eye, at this present, a brilliant specimen of these emanations, which has within a short time flashed across our theatrical horizon. *Ecce homo!* The genius which hover'd o'er the classic fane that rears its noble stuccoed countenance in the Bowery, in the days of the big eagle of golden memory, smiled its sweetest smile upon the nightly aspirations of a promising juvenile, to fame and fortune *then* unknown. He was an ambitious youth, and even in the tender days of his paphood, did his soul yearn for greatness, even as the bowels of an unhatched gosling may be supposed to yearn for the bosom of a duck-pond. He panted for glory, from his birth— not the soldier's glory, which is gallantry—nor the statesman's, which is emulation—nor the poet's, which is enthusiasm—nor the patriot's, which is sand for the eyes of the dear people—but an actor's glory—which combines all other glories in one bright constellation of glories. The golden eagle of 'the Bowery' looked benignant upon his early efforts, and the genius of the place, in very ecstasy,

'beheld his early flight
Shook o'er him dew-drops from her wings of light,'

and crowded!

Presuming to walk boldly forward, where lesser spirits only dared to creep, in good time he reached the glorious elevation of third-rate comedian! He took

the world, that is, the pit of the Bowery, by surprise. The orchestra were in amazement at his success; the serpent twined with envy; the big fiddle was mute! Yet he was only a comedian, and in the world's esteem not a *first* comedian. He had a soul above *socks*, and determined speedily to become a tragedian; and under the spread of the eagle's wings, an *American* tragedian. The genius heard his prayer; it was whispered in the orchestra; it was murmured in the pit; the manager smiled, and to confirm the justice of that supreme award, the consolidated wisdom of a select audience of the 'unwashed' declared, amid the enthusiastic cracking of unnumbered half-pints of roasted pea-nuts, that our hero *was* a tragedian—an American tragedian; that he was born so, and could n't help it! He 'awoke the next morning, and found himself famous.' All at once, the continent of America dwindled to one tenth of its natural size. It was too small for the 'American tragedian.' The great, the stupendous projects of his philanthropic mind could not be effected here. However impoverishing the loss to his country, she must submit to the sacrifice. His resolution and his portrait were taken, his biography written, and a ship of the *largest* size conveyed him to England. Here we might say something pathetic. We might discourse of those disinterested patriots who have been known

'To leave their country for their country's good;'

but we *dare* not; or, as our hero himself would say, in that simple style of oratory which men of his modest demeanor affect, 'we will refrain from drawing from the tender breast of sympathy, through the clear bright eye of innocence, a single tear to moisten the immaculate cambric of our countrymen!'

His was no common object. England was blessed with his presence for no common purpose. What cared he, that the great bell of St. Paul's rang a merry peal to welcome him! What mattered it to his abstracted mind, that Parliament convened on the same day! Yet he could not be so insensible to the urgent requests which assailed him from the managers of every distinguished theatre in the United British Kingdom. Their attention was at least civil, and the great American tragedian condescended to enlighten the British nation on matters and things appertaining to the histrionic art, as practised in America. Thunders of applause! volcanoes of approbation! were matters of course; gold and silver universal as moonshine; the court of the great, cakes and gingerbread, common, common, Sir; cards of invitation to my Lord Tom, Count Dick, and the Duke Harry, plenty, plenty, Sir—plenty as blackberries.* These things were nothing to the American tragedian—it was a high, a sacred impulse, which brought him to England. While it was unaccomplished, his bosom's lord sat restless on its throne. One thought filled his mind—one thought beset him, sleeping or waking:

'One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging him to go and see
The dead man in his grave.'

* It is *not* true, that LADY BLESSINGTON requested the great American tragedian to give her a lock of his hair!

[Perhaps not; but we can assure 'C.' that it *is* true, as we have had accidental occasion to know, since this article was in type, that, among others abroad, LORD DUDLEY STUART is his friend and correspondent. — EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.]

He went. He pilgrimized the tomb of Shakspeare. Stratford was no longer 'Stratford-upon-Avon,' but Stratford-upon-Stilts—stilts of ecstasy! The 'American tragedian' was among them!—and for what? To visit the tomb of their illustrious townsman? Yes!—but not alone for that common, well-worn object, was he among them. The name of Shakspeare wanted re-gilding! Its early brightness age had dimmed; its lustre was departing. It wanted the revivifying touch, the magic brightening, of the eloquence of an American tragedian—a *lusus naturæ* of the wild woods—who imbibed the poetic spirit of Shakspeare with his first spoonful of pap, and had quaffed it in huge libations ever since. It wanted the mystic medicine of his eulogium, even as a lily wants a scrubbing-brush.

And it had it. The American tragedian did not hesitate to stake his immortality upon the truth of the assertion, that the man Shakspeare was no mean poet, while at the same time he wished his audience to remember, that he, his eulogist, was the great American tragedian. The good people of Stratford-upon-Avon, dismounting from their stilts, paid for his dinner, and the name of Shakspeare, purified and disrobed of its mantle of dust, will owe its future vitality to the revivifying breath of the American Roscius.

Having immortalized Shakspeare, the great American tragedian has returned, with a clear conscience, and the glorious satisfaction of a philanthropist, to the open arms of his countrymen. America rejoices in his return. He left her 'the Niobe of nations,' all tears, at his parting. His return is like the warm sun-light, drying up our dew of grief. '*Salve, salve dominus, Histrionis!*' c.

THEATRICAL BORES.

CAN I be spared a half page or so of the KNICKERBOCKER, to comment upon a great and growing evil among many fashionable theatre-goers? If the privilege be granted, I think I can demonstrate to your readers, that of all bores under the cope of heaven, your theatrical bore is bore the most tremendous. One goes to the play-house, in some sense, as he goes to church—to hear, and to be instructed or edified. At church, however, no one sits at your elbow, to punch you in the ribs, when a good thing is said, or a fine sentiment well expressed. No one bothers you with 'moral and sentimental potter,' in illustration of what the preacher may be saying. It is not so at the theatre. You shall there see the grossest violations of common decorum perpetrated, without a blush, or even a consciousness of impropriety. Well-dressed persons, who might otherwise pass for well-bred and right-thinking gentlemen, sitting near you, will edify you with a narration of what is going to happen upon the stage, and the sudden changes of scene and incident with which your are to be suprised.

'Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise;'

and of all places and things, this is true of the play-house. Who then wants a herald at his side, to usher in the characters—now a king, or a distressed lady, or some popular favorite—with 'Now comes in So-and-So,' or 'Here comes Such-an-One'—'This is a great scene, wherein——' going on to narrate the whole plot, for the especial benefit of two or three boxes of impatient listeners?

There is your amateur singer, too! Heaven preserve us from his *humming's*,

when a favorite opera or song is being performed! Surely, there are mistaken notions of propriety in this matter. I remember me of a musical bore of this description, whom I used frequently to encounter last winter, at the Park. His externals were those of a man in the best society; his garments were of unexceptionable texture, and evidently from the hands of a tasteful maker; his linen was white

——— 'as the fanned snow,
That 's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er';

his hair was in the keeping of PALMEIRI, and exhaled the delightful *pomade de rose* of that well-known artist; in short, to use the language of the servant in 'The Man of Nerve,' 'He *looked* like a gentleman, an' why didn't he *act* as sich?' His practice was, the moment a popular air was touched by the orchestra, to commence *his* amateur performance, in a disagreeable undertone; and in this way he would accompany all our distinguished vocalists, with an air of perfect indifference, as if he were not really exemplifying the height to which ill manners could be carried, by an *apparently* well-bred man. Not to trespass too much upon your pages, let me come to my moral. Tell no one at the theatre what he is to see next. You have no right to destroy, in this way, the interest either of a stranger or a friend. Keep your musical accompaniments to yourself, when eminent performers are regaling the audience with 'airs from heaven.' You are not *paid* for singing, and it is altogether too generous of you to throw away your efforts. Hear, yourself, and suffer others to do the same.

M.

SALT WATER BATHING.—We are desirous of performing a good office for those of our readers whose pursuits, literary or professional, necessarily infer sedentary habits, in bestowing a few deserved encomiums upon the luxury of salt water bathing. Those who have traversed the sea-beach at Rockaway or Long Branch, when 'all the billows have gone over them,' can tell what a thrilling sense of enjoyment the surf imparts to the body as well as the spirits. But Rockaway and Long Branch, though not now difficult of access, are not open at all hours to the literary or professional citizen, or man of business, as are the *New-York Salt Water Floating Baths*, at anchor near the Battery. It is curious to watch the effect of bathing here, upon such as enter newly upon the practice. You shall see a man, with the serpent of care apparently gnawing at his heart—the walking impersonation of 'HARD TIMES'—call for his towels, and vanish into one of the aisles, where the little dressing-offices look out upon the watery inclosure. Tarry a brief space, and mark that man when his bath is accomplished. How altered his aspect, as he ascends to the reading-room to adjust his hair, and look at the papers! A glow is on his cheek; the unpleasant figments of his brain are dissipated; and upon his countenance 'the dove of peace is visibly brooding.' His late exercise has awakened within him a new sense, and imparted a delightful stimulus to his mental faculties. With frequent sea-bathing, and due attention to potables and edibles, one may command good health, amid the fiercest fervors of the summer solstice. Doubtless, since 'the pressure' has been operative, many a prudent citizen has *suspended* being sick, from being unable to afford the charges of the physician or apothecary. Let him follow our counsels, and he may snap his fingers altogether at both these functionaries, as gentleman, in so far as he is concerned, whose occupation 's gone.

A NEW DRAMA.— We have cursorily examined the manuscript sheets of 'Pocahontas, an Historical Drama, in Five Acts.' Pressing avocations have prevented an adequate consideration and notice of the play, in the present number: we shall refer to it again, however, in the number for July. In the mean time, as affording a fair specimen of the general execution of this dramatic effort, we extract the following from a scene between Powhatan, (Pocahontas's father,) Paspaho, and Namontac, an Indian who, as Smith's history informs us, accompanied Captain NEWPORT on his return, after the first settlement, to England. The impression made upon a savage, by that 'wilderness of brick and mortar,' London, is well imagined:

Nam. I dwelt among them in their mighty village,
The Yengeese name it London. In the midst
Is an enormous lodge, so huge, so wide,
That it would cover up an Indian village,
Trees, wigwams, fields, and all. There Yengeese chiefs,
All robed in black, conduct their sacrifices.
My father Newport led me up — and up —
Till we had reached its utmost top, so high,
The clouds were close above us. Then I looked
Over that settlement, far, far away,
To where the earth rose up to meet the sky,
All round and round me. Mighty Sachem! there,
In all that wide extent that spread below me,
Like to a vast savannah, with red rocks
Springing up over it, I nothing saw,
Save only painted lodges and black smoke.
No tree, no shrub; not even one single patch
Of fresh, green earth.

Pas. And men live there?

Nam. They swarm
Like locusts.

Pas. Have they squaws, and white papooses?

Nam. They have.

Pas. And pass their lives in that huge village?

Nam. From earliest infancy to white-haired age.

Pas. Well, that 's the greatest marvel yet, of all.
Without or forest shade or green savannah,
They live — they love?

Nam. Even so.

Pas. What! woo a maiden
Within the square walls of a painted lodge?
No shady path, no moon to look upon them;
Not even a bush or shrub to veil their meeting
From common eyes! The Yengeese cannot love!

FLUSHING (the most beautiful of names) should be better known than it is to many of our city denizens. Whether by land or water, the distance is short, and the way pleasant exceedingly. By the former, you are rewarded by a succession of the most charming landscapes, with vistas opening into the verdant country, and backward views of the city and harbor, under an atmosphere softened and subdued by distance; by the latter, the varied scenery of the opening Sound is on either hand, and the cool airs from the water and flowery shores have a smack of Elysium. When the visitor arrives, he finds at the new 'Pavilion House,' every culinary luxury, served in the best style, with superior wines, and the most courteous attentions; while over against him, diffusing an aroma all around, and glowing with the hues of the rainbow, are the renowned gardens of the Messrs. PRINCE. Verily, 'the pressure' should be harmless in the eyes of those who 'have had losses,' when the care-forgetting scenes of Flushing may be so easily commanded. Go there.

Mrs. SOPHIE M. PHILLIPS.—In the recent demise of this young and accomplished lady, society has been deprived of a bright ornament, and our poetical literature of one of its most gifted votaries. The readers of this Magazine, who have perused many of her touching and beautiful effusions, will deeply lament the 'dimming of a shining star;' while to those who knew her as we did—the amiable qualities of her affectionate heart; the brilliancy of her intellect; the fullness of her joyous and innocent humor—as the affectionate daughter, and the fond, confiding wife—her loss must be regarded as indeed irreparable. Green be the turf above thee, daughter of genius—child of song! Tears will fall, and hearts will be melted, whenever Memory reverts to thy youth and loveliness, withered in their prime!

The following lines are taken from a poem written by Mrs. PHILLIPS for the KNICKERBOCKER, a year or two since. Little did we think so soon to apply them to her own departure:

Be thy name whispered where the silver dew
Stealth the leaves of clustering roses through,
With bright and freshening power
And where the waters follow to the play
Of earliest sunshine, o'er the sands away,
At morning's hour.

Be thy name whispered where the bough hath stirred
To the last nestlings of the weary bird,
Its silent mate beside;
And where the voice of mirth hath ceased to call,
And far o'er fading paths the shadows fall
At eventide.

For thou whose beauty to the dust hath gone,
Wert soft or joyous, like the eve or morn;
And therefore these should be
In hearts filled up with visions to the last,
Of thy young smiles and loving accents past,
Memories of thee!

Be thy thoughts counted where the stars are bright,
Within the chambers of the dreamy night—
Thy kindling thoughts and deep!
And where through summer clouds the lightning flings
Quick, tremulous sparkles from its flashing wings,
To banish sleep!

LITERARY RECORD.

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.—The numbers of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, from January last, have been laid on our table; and we are surprised, on a cursory examination, to find in their pages so great a variety of information in practical mechanics, and so valuable a fund of useful knowledge, for the mere general reader. Numerous wood engravings, making clear what cannot otherwise be described satisfactorily, are scattered through the numbers; and what would else be dry to most readers, is rendered attractive by a pleasing tact at illustration and example, on the part of the Editor. The Magazine is one of great value; and we are pleased to learn that it has a wide and increasing circulation. It is published by Messrs. D. K. MINOR and GEORGE C. SCHAEFFER, No. 30 Wall-street.

The same publishers are re-printing, in numbers, the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great-Britain,' a work of great celebrity and value, costing in England from eight to ten dollars, but afforded here at three dollars for one copy, or five dollars for two copies. It may be obtained through the mail.

VALUABLE WORK FOR SCHOOLS. — Two neatly-executed volumes, from the press of MESSRS. COLLINS, KEESE AND COMPANY, entitled 'A History of New-York, for Schools,' by WILLIAM DUNLAP, Esq., have been sent us by the publishers. After a thorough perusal, we are disposed to place them in the very first class of kindred books for the young. The facts of our history are given in a style alike simple and interesting; while the accuracy observed, and the moral spirit inculcated, throughout the volumes, are deserving the highest praise. The work is likewise rendered attractive in a pictorial sense, being illustrated by numerous fine engravings on wood. As a book for schools, we predict for this History a success the most ample.

THE 'COVENANT PEOPLE.' — We profess ourselves converts to the arguments set forth in a pamphlet recently issued from the press of Mr. VAN NORDEN, entitled 'A Discourse on the Evidences of the American Indians being the Descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel: Delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, by M. M. NOAH, Esq.' We recommend those who have thought but little upon, or have doubts in relation to, this subject, to examine the fortified testimony here presented, that our aborigines are the descendants of the dispersed tribes. Their social and martial divisions, religious observances, and all ceremonies of war and peace, are proved to be strikingly similar; and there are no discrepancies, or conflicting facts, to invalidate the great mass of evidence produced by the author.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OWING to unavoidable causes, our May number was issued at a late period of the month: hence the number for June is also thrown back, much 'behind time.' The July number is partly through the press, and the succeeding issues will be prompt. We have great pleasure in the belief, that we shall not a little surprise our warmest admirers and supporters, in the coming volumes, by the rich and various matter already in store for them. In addition to several continuous series — Journals of Travels, Cruises, Letters, Ollapodiana, Odds and Ends of the Penny-a-Liner, Wilson Conworth, etc., — we have on file several highly interesting papers, which will be early presented, among which are, 'American Antiquities,' with drawings; 'Religious Charlatanry,' 'Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities,' etc., with various articles of poetry, of a high order of excellence, and many articles of light reading, in prose, not inferior in spirit and humor to the best heretofore found in our pages. In the course of the volume, also, there will be given, from the pen of an eminent German writer, (Prof. O. L. B. WOLFF, of the University of Jena,) Sketches of Life in Weimar, at the time of GOETHE, SCHILLER, WIELAND, and HERDER, written down from the oral communications of their contemporaries; Characteristics of living or lately-deceased German Poets, with numerous authentic and piquant Personal Anecdotes, and brief Criticisms of their literary styles; Travelling Sketches of Germany, its Manners and Customs, with brief Reports of German Literary Intelligence, etc.

For farther particulars, the reader is referred to the notice '*To Subscribers,*' on the third page of the cover of the present number.

MANY correspondents, whose favors have not yet been published nor alluded to, are requested to grant us a little indulgence. We have a number of communications, both in prose and verse, which, upon a necessarily cursory perusal, have impressed us favorably. These we shall take an early opportunity to examine more minutely, and if deemed worthy, to publish.